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CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 53

THE Wanderer slumped to a seat upon an orange crate and tossed a banana skin into the corner of the room. Anthony stroked the cinnamon ruff of Victor, his performing bear, and cleared his throat.

The three were alone in the large crate-filled room. The odor of ripe and rotten fruit and vegetables made the air heavy. Anthony's hand organ leaned against a barrel of potatoes.

"Yes," the Wanderer prompted him, "you were saying that you knew Amelie Picori."

"Heeza long time ago. Heez in Italy. Is my Amelie den. Sheez one fine girl. 'S Amelie say to me, 'Antonee,' she say, 'I'm goin' sing.'

"I say, 'Amelie, I know it.'

"Oh, she can sing. 'Ave you 'eard 'er, Mister?"

The Wanderer nodded. "Marvelous voice—the very best in opera today."

The Italian beamed. "You are right. Oooh, w'en she sing I can cry, laugh, dance; I am crazee." He removed his hand from the red bear's neck to gesture wildly.

Victor opened one sleepy eye to learn the cause of the cessation of the caress, but slumbered again when the speaker's hand ran under the worn leather collar to scratch the thickly furred hide.

"So I say, 'Amelie, it takes a lot, a big lot o' money, to learn to singa right. How much you got?'

"Amelie she work in a place, a mill. She save. Sheeza got a little.

"'Is it not enough,' I tell 'er. 'You tak' this. I gotta lots. I work all time in my broth'-in-law's. I get along.'

"Sheeza love me, Amelie girl. She kiss me an' say now sure we be married quick as she sing a lot for big opera. I'm a poor wop. She don' know, soon as sheeza sing a lot then she see some-a-body sheeza like more dan Antonee.

"But I don' care so much, once she must sing. Amelie can sing. So my broth'-in-law give me my money and I give it to Amelie.

"Sheeza study three year an' then come to America. Sheeza write to me at first. Den she stop. I guess sheeza no care for Antonee no more. I gotta little house in Italy, but sheeza not gonna come to little house while she can sing like now.

"So I come to America an' get an organ. Theez Victor, heeza good boy. He dance an' I play theez organ. The kids like us. Ez Victor ah' Antonee,' dey yell. 'Bring a nick'l, mamma, 'ere's Antonee.' Victor he lika da kids."

Anthony stroked the bear's rough coat affectionately.

The Wanderer drew a newspaper from his pocket. He turned the pages till he found a picture of Amelie Picori and a press-agent account of her repeated successes in prima donna roles.

"She is to sing Mascagni tonight," he told the organ grinder.

"Is so?" He took the paper eagerly and his eyes shone with adoration and devotion as he gazed at the singer's picture. "Sheeza used to be my Amelie." Defiantly. "She say so herself."

"Do you never see her?" the Wanderer asked sympathetically.

"See her? Yes, sir. I'ma see her every day. I'ma—say, you wait. You wanna go wit Victor an' me? I go get my broth'-in-law. Heeza out in back. I tell heem come ta' care o' d' store."

The Wanderer held the bear's chain while Anthony hurried in search of his brother-in-law. He returned almost immediately. "All right, you come along."

A startling picture those three presented as they passed down the quieting streets. It was dusk and the street lamps had just been lighted. Victor led by the length of his chain, ambling on all fours. The Italian strained at the other end of the leash, tall, gaunt and swarthy, decidedly tattered and dusty, dressed in nondescript articles of clothing that hung on his frame and flapped as he walked. A long mustache saddened his face.

The Wanderer's dress was little better than his friend's. His face characterless, like a thousand others to be seen daily in a crowd, and instantly forgotten.

"Is the owner of the fruit store the same brother-in-law that you worked for in Italy?"

"No, heez 'nother one."

"But you have no brothers or sisters?"

"No."

"You never married?"

"No, never. As long as Amelie is alive I'ma never marry any one but her. Sheeza never marry me, a poor wop, so I——"

"But how is it you have so many brothers-in-law?"

"I don't know. In Italy I got a lot. In America I got a lot. Eeez like that. 'Ere we are." Anthony stopped near the side entrance of a large hotel. "Come back, Victor, stan' by Antonee."

A limousine stood at the curb, a liveried chauffeur at the wheel.

"Justa wait, sheeza comin' out now, in a minute. Tha's her aut'mobile. Victor an' me come here every night."

They stood in a shadow near the door. They had waited, thus obscured from undue notice, for five minutes when the revolving doors turned and a uniformed maid bearing a fur coat came out. At her heels, head high, shimmering in a gown of gold-cloth and jewels, her whole being radiating easy luxuriousness and self-assurance came the Cosmopolitan Opera Company's prima donna, Amelie Picori.

If the Wanderer had expected Anthony to rush to greet his former sweetheart, or had he expected her to turn expectantly toward the shadow in which they stood, he was disappointed. Without turning her head she entered the door of the limousine opened for her by the maid who followed her in, closing the door.

A sibilant, "See," issued from Anthony's lips and he tugged his companion's sleeve as the limousine drove away. "See, is she not grand? Tha's my Amelie."

* * *

Arithmetic and Eats.

"NOW, papa," said the strict and somewhat young parent to the overly indulgent grandpa, "you get out of here and let David study his arithmetic!"

"But David doesn't want to study his arithmetic now. He wants to wait until after dinner," contended the indulgent grandparent in a tone that showed that he considered he had all the logic on his side. "A fellow can't work when he's hungry——"

"Nonsense," said the strict mother, relentlessly. "The hungrier he is the better he can work. After meals is the worst possible time to study."

"Well, arithmetic is no good before meals, on account of the apples. Now look at this: Jane has three apples and Bob has six and Mabel has twice as many as Jane and Bob. How many apples have all of them? How can you expect a fellow to work out a problem like that when he's hungry? Reading about these kids with half a dozen or so apples apiece gives him a vision of bounty that blots out all the exact figures. All he knows is that Mabel had plenty.

"It seems to me that the apples are very unevenly distributed in this book. In one problem the people have a bushel of them, and in the next problem they are dissecting one. Fractions, I suppose."

"That's the reason why I like marbles better than apples in problems," said David. "You can't cut marbles up into fractions. But one fellow always gets three times as many as all the others put together."

"Somebody always gets the best of it in these arithmetics," said grandpa. "Here's one about a fellow riding a bicycle against a train, trying his darndest to beat the train with fate against him. The train, of course, has to overtake him. The only question is when and how long. Other people have to row up and down stream and plow fields and such against time, which is pretty hard lines. Again, two fellows start out to meet each other, and one lets the other come seven-eighths of the way.

"An arithmetic is a gloomy book. The farmers are always up against it. A farmer has a mortgage. If he pays so much of his mortgage per annum, at the end of forty-four years what does he still owe? Nothing in the problem to show that the farmer struck oil or anything, and paid it all up in a couple of years. No, I should say not! He just kept right on paying. At the end of the forty-four years he had paid in $40,000, but the mortgage was still there, and the farmer was still plowing an acre in a day and a half, leaving the amount of plowing to be done in two days a mystery.

"Plowing and paying mortgages is all the farmer does, while other people enjoy life chasing trains on bicycles and counting up their apples and their marbles. Nobody does much eating in this book, I notice. Only the hogs and cattle eat—Ah, there goes the dinner bell! Let's eat. We can tackle the arithmetic after dinner, apples, howboats, mortgages, bicycles and all!"

The indulgent grandpa led the way.

* * *

Sea Gulls.

GULLS are among the most perfect specimens of nature's wonderful handicraft. No creature could be better fitted for the rough life it has to lead. To enable it to withstand cold and wet the bodies of these birds contain great quantities of oil, and as lungs would not hold oxygen enough for the great efforts they must make in stormy weather, all their larger bones are hollow and act as air reservoirs.

Their part in life seems to be to keep the near-coast water of the ocean clean and tidy; without them it would soon be strewn with decaying matter. To enable them to do this work thoroly they are provided with enormous appetites. A gull will eat half its own weight in food in a single day.

Many of them rob us of fish that might have come to market, but their scavenging work more than makes up for this, and they often do the farmer a good turn by visiting his fields and stuffing themselves with insect pests.

* * *

Origin of Lawn Tennis.

LAWN tennis has made such enormous strides in popularity in recent years that it has dropped the prefix and become "tennis," but the royal and ancient game to which the title originally belonged was a very different affair from the lawn game of today. It was played in France as long ago as the fourteenth century, but without nets or rackets, the hardy folk of those times striking the ball—not a soft rubber one, either—with their bare palms. During the sixteenth century, after a form of racket was introduced, French and English kings made a specialty of the game.

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY

DEAR MISS GREY: Gee, I like to read your column. You don't give such snippy answers the way most of them do. There's a young man I like, oh, so very much, and I guess he does me, too. Of course, I mustn't be too forward or he'll get tired of me. But lately he seems to have gotten it into his head that he does not have to respect me, and oh, how he tempts me when we are alone. How can I make him understand that I want his respect as well as his love, for he does not, of late, seem to realize that.

HAPPY GO LUCKY.

You sweet Happy Go Lucky! to say that to me. I just couldn't help letting it go into print the way it stood. You bet I'm the friend of the kiddy who's out of luck! Just don't you think of hesitating to come to me. Now let us see. What CAN we do about this problem of yours!

Just be firm in the stand you have taken. If you are tempted to be otherwise, just picture to yourself how this young man would be afterwards; how he would be ashamed of you before his friends and how he would never introduce you to them or them to you; how you would oftener and oftener feel his scorn and later how he would tire of you; how cheap he would count you because you were easily purchased. And, of course, you will realize that no kind of ending to the affair could be as bitter as this.

You are such a baby, dear, that no matter what has gone before, you still have your life brightly before you, and it is yours to make. You are such a little girl that if you changed cities, in two years or so no one could be certain she recognized you.

Let me know how it all came out, if you care to and don't mind.

—

Dear Miss Grey: What would be the most becoming color for me to wear? I am a girl 15 years old, am five feet two inches tall and weigh a hundred and ten pounds. I am of dark complexion, having brown eyes and black hair.

Also, will you tell me how I can take ink out of a voile dress? I have tried lemon juice, but that wouldn't take it out.

What do these names mean? Linon, Thelma, Pure, Meluin.

BRIGHT EYES.

Red is your color; a rich, ruby red or blood red. Red and green plaids are also becoming; and pink, white and sometimes pale blue. A solid dark green is very seldom becoming to a girl of your type unless the coloring in the skin is of a particular tint. A bright, jaunty green in sports things, however, such as sweaters, caps, capes, etc., is very stunning on a little kiddy like you.

The ink you got on your dress is probably fountain pen ink and that never comes out. Try soaking the spot in sour milk for two days and nights and then wash it immediately you take it out of soak. Wash in luke warm water and a pure, white laundry soap. If it is not fountain pen ink, this ought to take it out.

I have referred the names you gave me to Miss Marshal's department and I hope she will be able to tell you their meanings.

—

DOLCIE: Lemon juice applied every night and left on over night will lighten the freckles considerably. A month or so ago I wrote an article on freckles for this paper, dealing with these blemishes and if you look thru your back numbers you will find it. Brush your hair fifty strokes every night. This brings out the oil. Do not wash your hair oftener than once a month. I shouldn't read longer than two hours a day because you need some exercise, my dear. "Bleak House," by Dickens; "Dombey and Son," by Dickens; "The Talisman," by Scott; "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer Lytton. They are dandy novels and awfully interesting. When you've read what you want of these, write me again and I'll give you a whole lot more.

A CATTLE-LAND MYSTERY

by FREDERICK C. DAVIS

The Door of the House Was Jerked Open and the Little Figure of a Girl Appeared in the Doorway. At Once the Fighters Halted Their Punishment. They Stopped Sheepishly and Gazed at the Girl.

BIG HERB RALSTON, foreman of the Bar Cross ranch, entered the bunkhouse silently. He threw his saddle carelessly to his bunk; then turned and regarded grimly the other cowmen seated inside the shack.

They had ceased conversing when Ralston entered. They watched his movements curiously. He had just returned, they knew, from a long ride over the ranch. By this significant bearing they read his news before he voiced it.

"A hundred head more gone," Ralston said. "They was rustled last night. The Circle Twelve was hit, too. It's mighty rotten business that's goin' on here!"

One of the group spoke up. "What's old Fawcett goin' to do about it, Herb?" The speaker was Mesquite Bob.

"Uh-huh," grunted Clayt Newton before the foreman of the Bar Cross could answer. "What's dear ol' Fawcett going to do about somebody stealin' his cattles?"

Fawcett was far from beloved of his men. Their terms of endearment were sarcastic; each rancher paid Fawcett, the owner, due respect, but a cold attitude was always evident from them, because of the grasping, pinch-penny policy and general unfeelingness of the man. The cowmen had no concern for Fawcett over the loss of his cattle.

"He's doing nothing," Ralston answered. "He's a wise guy, he is, thinkin' he can dig out this rustler all by himself. He thinks one of us did it, likely."

"Jest like him," some one grunted.

"And dear ol' Missus Fawcett," Clayt Newton said with mock solicitation. "Bless her old sweet heart of brick! I bet she's in saltin' Marjorie's beans with alkali now. How's she stand the terrible loss?"

Ralston smiled. He appreciated that sally. There was no loss of feeling between himself and Mrs. Fawcett. She was tall and ungainly, with hair pasted tight down and back, with a man's nose and a man's shoulders and a man's voice. She was unsightly, overbearing, hard, domineering. She was the power behind the throne. Fawcett's hands responded to the will of his wife's demands. The men of the ranch disliked Mrs. Fawcett with no small amount of antagonism.

Ralston, in particular, was unsympathetic toward the wife of the ranch owner because of the heartless rule she exercised over Marjorie, Fawcett's daughter and Mrs. Fawcett's stepdaughter. Marjorie was the one member of the family whose word was a divine commandment to the cowmen. To Ralston she meant a very great deal. She was, in fact, more to him than to any other man over the stretches.

"I asked you," said Clayt Newton again, testily, "how's the adorable missus takin' the loss."

"She's takin' it like she takes everything else," Ralston answered, sitting on his bunk. "It didn't even make her flicker an eyelid. That woman, I tell you men, ain't got a grain of humanness in her."

"Second the motion," some one growled.

Seated on a bunk, hitherto silent, was White Wing, a Sioux, whose duties around the ranch were of divers nature. He sat and calmly pulled on a battered black brier pipe. His face was quite as damaged. Extending from his left eye, straight across what was once his nose, and reaching the right corner of his mouth, showed a deep depression, as tho a heavy weapon had crashed against his face, breaking down the bridge of his nose, and forming a livid scar diagonally across his features. The drawing of this disfigurement caused one eye to be pulled downward, giving a peculiar twisted appearance to the face which at times was hideous. No one—not even Yellow Feather, the cook and the only other Indian on the ranch—knew the origin of this terrible scar, except White Wing himself. White Wing would not talk about it—references to it brought a scowl from him, and an inquiry concerning it would throw him into an outburst of anger.

Now White Wing slowly removed his hacked pipe from his mouth and gazed across the smoke-filled room at Ralston.

"Heap cattle go," he said slowly. "Where?"

"The ign'rant Injun!" Newton growled to himself.

"Sell 'em," Ralston informed the bland Indian. "You know as well as I do, White Wing. Rustle them away, and sell 'em. Change the brand—burn it out. You blasted redskin, I bet you've done it yourself in your day!"

White Wing slowly puffed at his pipe; then withdrew it and as deliberately shook his head. "No rustle cattle," he mumbled. "Get string up!"

"Dog-gone tootin'!" Newton exclaimed. "You sure would get strung up! Strung up and shot up—then et up!"

White Wing puffed again, imperturbably.

"As for you askin' where," Ralston said after Newton had finished, "I'd like to remind you this ain't no guessing contest."

Newton and Mesquite Bob snorted loudly, while the others in the bunkhouse snickered at the Indian. But White Wing's emotionless face

Then Newton Threw Back the Blanket and Disclosed Two Gunny Sacks Filled With Straw.

did not alter its placid, disinterested expression.

"Red man see heap white man no know," he said to himself, and recrossed his trousered legs in reverse fashion.

The four ranches joining not far from the bunkhouse had, for months back, been the victims of wholesale rustling. The ranches were the Bar Cross, the Circle Twelve, the Eight Dash Eight, and the Triple Circle. These ranches each, of course, branded their particular marks upon each head of cattle. These marks were either altered by the rustlers or burned out entirely, so that the original brand was indecipherable. Hundreds of head of cattle had been driven from each of the four adjacent ranches; each of the owners had suffered heavy losses. Fawcett, owner of the Bar Cross, had done nothing to apprehend the rustler or rustlers.

The other ranch owners, however, had taken steps to put the wholesale cattle stealing to a stop.

The group in the Bar Cross bunkhouse conversed idly for several moments. Presently, Newton, glancing out the scummy window of the shack, perceived a man nearing them. He turned and cried, in a ludicrous stage-whisper:

"Whoopse, fellers! Here comes old Fawcett hisself. Mesquite, hurry and put on your Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes!"

Mesquite snorted disgustedly.

THE door of the bunkhouse was pulled open, and a stocky man entered into the smoke-filled interior. At his entrance the conversation between the men ceased—a certain sign of lack of sympathy— and they one and all peered questioningly at the man who had disturbed their privacy.

Fawcett peered uncertainly thru the blue air. His face was scowling as he stated:

"Herb Ralston. I want Herb Ralston, quick."

Ralston slowly arose as the eyes of the cowmen turned to him. "I'm right here," he said, sensing an uncomfortable tension in the air.

Fawcett glared at him for an instant. "You come with me," he ordered shortly. "I got something I want to say to you!"

Ralston nodded, and Fawcett turned on his heel. Newton glanced out the unwashed window and saw the ranch-owner walk in the direction of his house, which stood not far away. Ralston hitched his belt, and went to the door.

"If he's still hungry after he's thru eatin' you up," drawled Doc Burton from a smoke-obscured corner; "just call on me. I'd like some excitement."

Ralston walked from the door and followed Fawcett's path to the house.

Newton, watching the two men thru the window, spoke to the silent group without turning his head.

"That sounded like a war was comin'," he said.

A grunt answered him. The feeling against Fawcett was strong; whereas, Ralston was the popular favorite of the ranch. They were ominously quiet as Newton watched thru the window.

Fawcett continued walking, without looking back, until he reached the door of the house. There he halted, turned and waited for Ralston to come up with him. As soon as the foreman had stopped beside him, Fawcett burst into an angry flow of language. Newton, watching the two from the bunkhouse window, could see Fawcett's angry, emphatic gestures, and Ralston's calm reception of the verbal abuse thrown at him.

"Ralston's gettin' it," Newton growled. "Fawcett's heapin' it onto him for something!"

As Ralston replied to Fawcett's stinging language, the ranch owner became more and more angry. His face became red; his head went pugnaciously forward and his fists clenched. Ralston held his temper in check; tho Newton could see his hands double and straighten with suppressed resentment. Finally Fawcett flung out a last biting taunt, and Ralston's fury broke.

Ralston crashed his fist against Fawcett's chin, and the fleshy ranch owner lurched heavily backward. Then with an effort he righted himself, and furiously sailed into Ralston. Ralston met his frantic blows with calm counters; he cracked his fists forcefully against Fawcett's face. But Fawcett's heavy weight was telling; he was pushing Ralston back. He dealt the foreman a dazing blow to the cheek. Ralston staggered and took an involuntary step backward.

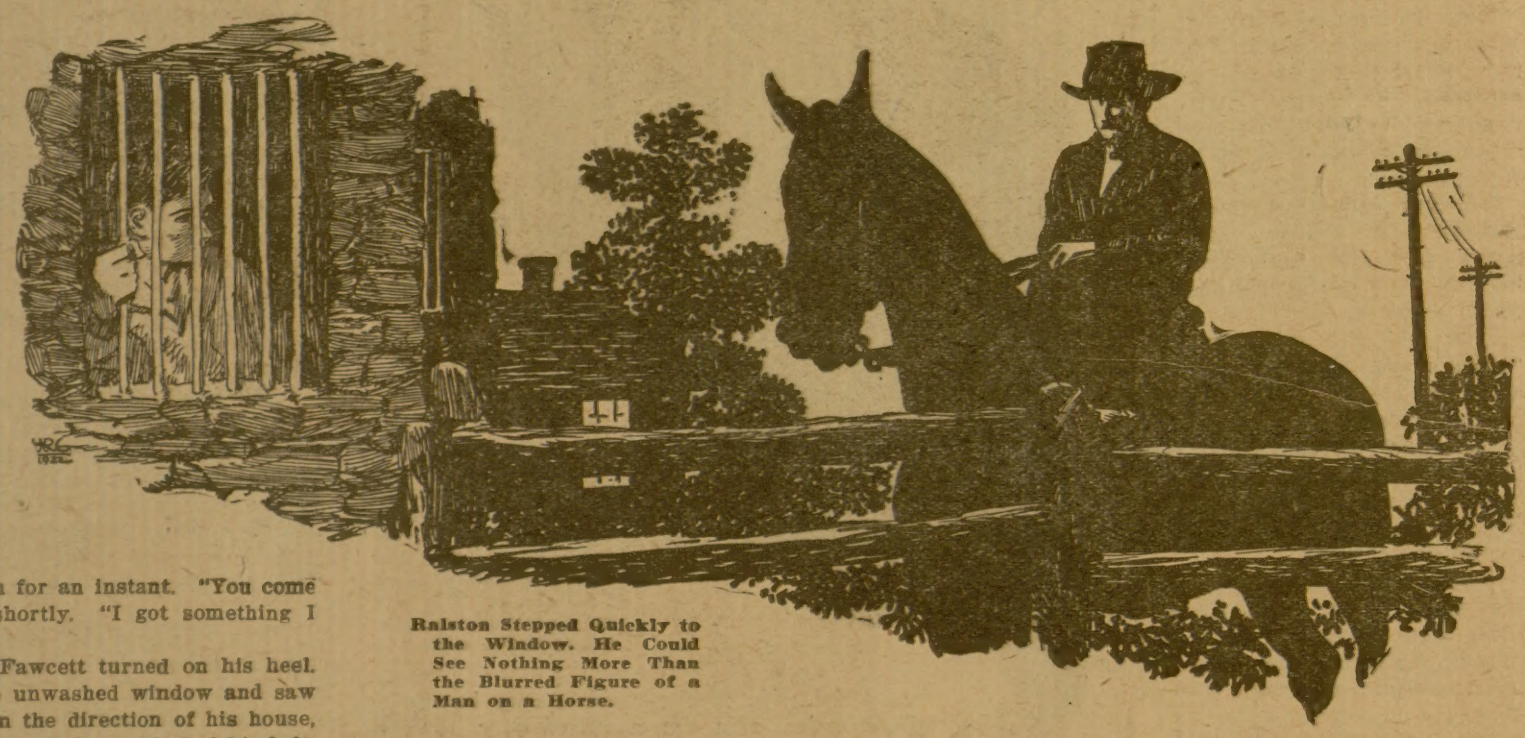
"Soak 'em, Ralston!" Newton hissed behind the window, and the others in the bunkhouse stared at him wonderingly.

Fawcett drew himself up to throw his weight into one last blow—and there the battle suddenly ended. The door of the house was jerked open, and the lithe figure of a girl appeared in the doorway. Her eyes blazed as she saw the fight; she snapped out a sharp command, and at once the fighters halted their punishment. They stopped sheepishly and gazed at the girl.

"H'raw for Marjorie!" Newton yelled, to the amazement of the cowmen beside him.

He saw Marjorie, the pretty daughter of Fawcett, chide them both. Ralston picked up his hat and bowed low to the girl. Fawcett snarled at him. He raised his arm and commanded that Marjorie return to the house. She threw up her head and defied him; and just at that moment the form of another woman appeared behind Marjorie and jerked her backward. Marjorie disappeared inside the house and her place was taken by the masculine figure of Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the ranch owner.

The tall form of the gaunt woman loomed toweringly over the two men. At her words, Fawcett came to the step. Ralston smiled at him meaningly;



Ralston Stepped Quickly to the Window. He Could See Nothing More Than the Blurred Figure of a Man on a Horse.

he turned and walked away. A vivid light of fury shone in Mrs. Fawcett's hard, beady eyes as she stared after his retreating figure. Then at last she pushed Fawcett into the house and slammed the door after him.

"Whew!" breathed Newton.

The door of the bunkhouse opened after an interval and Ralston pressing a bandanna now and then to a cut in his cheek, entered without speaking. The men inside the bunkhouse stared at him in amazement.

"Need my help?" inquired Doc Burton.

Ralston did not answer.

Newton picked himself thru the maze of the feet stretched across the board floor, and halted beside Ralston.

"Pardner," he said, "I saw that. You'd 'a' had him sure if Marjorie hadn't come just then."

To his surprise, Ralston made no comment.

"Pardner," Newton persisted, "what was all that fitin' about?"

Ralston glared up at him defiantly. "Clayt, dry up! If you mention that again you'll have some of the same with me!"

Newton was stunned to speechlessness by this rebuke. He turned dazedly, with a mutter, "All right, pardner; no offense," and returned to his bunk.

Ralston turned and walked outside again, going off at random direction from the bunkhouse. The group in the bunkhouse chattered after his departure. Then in a lull in the conversation, the droning voice of White Wing was audible:

"Heap trouble," he said. "Heap trouble comin'."

"Aw, shut up!" snapped Mesquite Bob. "You give me the creepin's!"

But White Wing only shrugged his shoulders and commenced methodically filling his pipe.

CHAPTER II.

PUZZLES.

THE bunkhouse was dark. A heavy blanket of black lay over the country, penetrated only by the feeble light of a half-moon streaming in with difficulty thru the filmed window of the bunkhouse. Inside the shack various discordant snores broke the silence; in an upper bunk Doc Burton heaved himself restlessly to his other side.

"Why," he moaned, "can't I have the peace of a boiler factory? These guys snore like a chorus of peeved elephants."

From the bunk below the sleepy voice of Clayt Newton hummed. "Shut up, up there, Doc. Your talkin' bothers me."

Doc snorted in disgust. He heaved again, with no satisfying result. Below, he heard the sounds of the restless moving of Newton. Finally, in desperation, he called down to the cowman below.

"Hey, Clayt, you asleep?"

"Hell!" said Newton.

"Then come on; let's go outside where there's peace."

Doc scrambled down from the bunk and drew on his boots. Newton crawled from his bunk and followed the Doc's example. Together they made ready to go outside.

Newton halted beside the bunk ordinarily occupied by Ralston and peered down at it. A form was dimly visible under the woolen blanket covering.

Newton reached a hand down and pushed at the form. "Rals—" he began, and stopped short. He pushed at the form again; then peered up thru the semi-darkness at Doc, who was watching him curiously.

"Whassa matter?"

"Look!" said Newton. He closed his clenched fingers over the blanket, then lifted his hand away. The form under the covers came with it; Doc gasped at the sight. Then Newton threw back the blanket and disclosed two gunny sacks filled with straw which had been inserted beneath the covers to give the semblance of a man sleeping.

Newton regarded Doc silently. Then, without a word, he replaced the sacks of straw on the bunk and carefully covered them with the blanket again.

"Ralston's got a reason for that," he murmured to Doc. "We got no right to question him." His regard for the foreman was extraordinary.

Doc assented. Together they went from the bunkhouse into the cool night. The moon was shining half-heartedly, throwing a spectral glow over the landscape. The two cowmen sauntered a short distance from the shack, looking at the dark silhouette of Fawcett's house against the luminous sky.

"Wonder where Ralston is?" Doc inquired after a moment. "Wonder why he fit with Fawcett this afternoon?"

"Shut up!" ordered Newton. "What time is it?"

Doc swelled perceptibly. His was the only watch on the ranch beside Fawcett's. He had paid a dollar for it three years before when he had lived in St. Louis. His exodus from that city, due to a demand by his lungs for fresh, dry air, had occurred soon after, and he had brought his proud possession

(Continued on Page 23.)

A MADONNA OF THE PINES

BY WILLIAM P. BARRON

ENERGY was Bertha's Sailar's chief characteristic. She toiled hard and long from in the morning until ten at night in a mill boarding-house. In her labor-ridden days there came no hope, no joy, no ambition. Her rare leisure was given to reading the class of literature that drifted into her environment. Her one amusement was an occasional dance at the local hall, or at some neighboring sawmill when she was lucky enough to be invited by one of the mill men whom she served in the boarding-house.

She looked forward to marriage as the one best solution of her problem—and that would offer only a change and a probable lightening of her toil. From helping to prepare the breakfast, fill the dinner pails, and having the evening meal ready for sixty men, she would reduce the equation to one.

She would have a small shack with two rooms and a front porch. And when the whistle blew at 4 a. m. she would have only her husband to cook for—one dinner-pail to prepare and one supper to get ready—that is, until later on there were babies to care for.

When Tom Burch, a hulking timber sawyer, began to take Bertha out to church and to the few social gatherings, she hailed his coming as the day of her deliverance. No sooner had he begun to take an interest in her than she blossomed into something almost beautiful. She became neat and cleanly, began to "spruce up," and her meager wages were spent on clothes.

But after several months of dalliance, Burch tired of her. He left the boarding-house, and found another job at a nearby mill.

Day by day she looked for his return. She haunted the postoffice for a letter, but none ever came. At night, upon her hard, lumpy straw mattress, she lay staring into the darkness, dry-eyed and miserable. She could not understand what she actually felt.

Soon, to the suspicious, prying eyes of the big, raw-boned woman who ran the boarding-house, came the thought that Tom Burch had "loved and rode away."

One day, while doing the dinner dishes, she bluntly asked Bertha for the truth. Looking into the merciless, searching eyes of this woman, old in former experiences, Bertha was painfully truthful. To her surprise, she found in this scandal-mongering woman a real friend, ready with good counsel and advice.

"Don't be so easy with him, child. Go hunt Tom Burch up. Don't let him do you that 'er way. When you find him, talk to him real spunky an' make him git a license an' marry yer! Tell him if he don't, you'll go to the justice of the peace an' make out a 'Common Law Wife claim.' Them's harder to git away from than a reg'lar wife. He'll come acrost then."

Bertha intended to take this good advice, so she worked on until the month was up—until Mrs. Williams could replace her with another girl.

She took the shortest distance between her mill and the one at which she had located Tom Burch. She had no trouble in finding him, and when he looked into her defiant green eyes, Tom Burch agreed to marry her. She didn't have to talk "real spunky" either. Perhaps, it was pity for her, or it may have been fear, but Bertha was content.

They took a shack together, Bertha agreeing to wait until payday for the license and the preacher. To all intents and purposes, she was already "Mis' Burch," as the sawmill vernacular had it, and she was happy. And Tom Burch was more than content. Bertha was a good cook. She gave him a real home—and there was peace and joy in the little shack for a short time.

When payday came, there was a spell of bad weather. The trip to the county seat was put off, and so it went from month to month—until Bertha's hour drew near. She had been willing to wait, but now with pathetic earnestness she begged that Tom fulfill his promise. But she pleaded in vain, for he heeded not.

The old shifty look came back into his eyes, the irresolute movement of his hand to his chin—and one day found him gone again. Poor Bertha couldn't follow him this time. Nature decreed otherwise. Stoically, she faced her burden of sorrow and grief. By Tom Burch's desertion she was a "widder woman" for all practical purposes and she could take in "washin' and ironin'," work which time honored usage had relegated to "widder wimmen."

Bertha went to bed that night in her little shack with an undaunted soul. On the morrow she would solicit "washin' an' ironin'" among the office men. And with the thirty dollars that Tom Burch had thoughtfully or thoughtlessly left her, she would tide over her enforced idle time until she was able to provide for herself. She fell asleep listening to the rain patter on the roof. But the next day she was not able to carry out her plans. She was feverish and ill. Every bone in her body ached. Her face was flushed and she seemed giddy and irrational.

Her cabin was off the beaten path, being somewhat apart and distant from the main mill town. It was the third night after this, when the mill doctor, returning on horseback from some out-lying calls, heard a low moaning cry as he passed. Dismounting and entering the shack, he struck a light. Upon the rude homemade bed lay Bertha, horribly disfigured with smallpox. Beside her lay a newborn babe, also ill of the dread disease. The baby lay in a stupor.

Of the whole population of this mill town, only one responded to the doctor's call for help, and that was an old negro woman of unsavory reputation, who having had smallpox was in no danger of contracting it.

The oddly sorted pair, doctor and negress, borrowing from their scanty store, made the mother and babe as comfortable as might be. For days they nursed them, finally brought them back to health. Nature let alone, judiciously aided, does much. These two were close to nature's breast, and they came forth unscathed.

When Bertha was well once more, and her little son thriving, she spoke to the doctor about procuring work. He asked her whether she could cook, and she told him that she could. Then he told her that the office force and the foreman of the mill had need of a boarding-house for themselves, and into this arrangement Bertha fitted so well that the doctor thought her venture was bound to be a success.

And a success it was. Her boarders were her family. She mended their clothing, and saw that the laundress did not steal over a fair average of their garments. Her little savings grew and her boy tumbled about the kitchen floor in fat contentment. If the men fell sick, she tended them devotedly. Her place in the hearts of these rough, hard-working, hard drinking men became assured. On the average of once a month, some of them offered her marriage. The bookkeeper at the mill helped her to invest her savings profitably. She became a woman of business; but thru it all she had an eye for the main chance—and that chance was her boy.

She brooded over the fact that in the eyes of the world, he would be but a nameless waif, unless some day, somehow, somewhere, she could achieve marriage with the man who had so wantonly deserted her. Marriage with another than Burch did not seem to her possible. The bitterness in her heart had passed away with her material success. But the ever-increasing love for her idolized boy made the thought of marriage with his father an obsession—to be consummated at any cost. And so she listened to no offers of marriage. Love, kindness, thoughtfulness could not tempt her. She had made up her mind that she would brave life with this brute again, if he would give her son a name. And so she bided her time. She had a premonition that her prayer would be answered and that her boy would be spared shame.

ONE day, upon returning from the company store, she came face to face with Tom Burch. Her countenance beamed with joyous surprise. Her 5-year-old David would have a name at last. Her feeling towards Burch was nil; he was but a means to an end.

"Why, hello, Tom! How d'ye do?" she greeted.

Tom looked at her sheepishly. He fully expected shrill reproaches, unwelcome caresses, pleadings, and perhaps, unbearable publicity, but this fairly pretty, well-dressed, healthy young woman spoke to him as if they had parted hours ago instead of years. Tom couldn't understand it, at all.

(Continued on Page 16.)

BLUFF

by

LELAND S. CHESTER

MR. BRILL, president of the Southwestern Colonization Company, leaned back in his mahogany desk chair and began to read the thick sheaf of letters comprising his morning's mail. This was the one phase of the colonization business that Mr. Brill most enjoyed. True, he now and then came to letters over which he frowned disgustedly and cast into the waste basket. More often, however, he came to letters to which checks or money orders were appended, and then a beatific expression would slide over the smug pink face.

The letters over which Mr. Brill frowned invariably were written in a cramped, unpracticed hand, and contained hopeless, pitiful appeals for a fund of all or a part of the money paid the Southwestern Colonization Company for some worthless tract of land. Sometimes, a writer more bold than the average, came right out and called Mr. Brill a thief. Such communications irritated Mr. Brill. They disturbed the even tenor of an otherwise satisfactory existence.

The letters over which Mr. Brill smiled so smugly began, invariably, "Please find inclosed," and included a monthly remittance for a tract of land the purchaser had not yet seen. Occasionally there was the first payment on a new sale; also each mail brought its quota of inquiries from prospective buyers. Such letters more than offset the momentary irritation caused by the pathetic howls of enlightened suckers.

Finally Mr. Brill came to one written in a bold feminine hand on good quality paper. It was but one of a half dozen similarly worded letters he had perused this morning and at once cast into the waste basket; but there was something about the chirography and diction of this particular one that gave him an uncomfortable feeling. The first time he read it he merely indulged his customary frown. Then he read it again and scratched his head uneasily.

It ran as follows:

Southwestern Colonization Company:

Gentlemen.—A little more than a year ago you sold my husband, John H. Wingle, forty acres of land in southwestern Texas at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. This land, both in your printed matter and by your salesman, was represented as first class agricultural land, and "Guaranteed to produce bumper crops under proper cultivation."

This was gross misrepresentation, and you know it. The tract is nothing but a jumble of sand hills and will produce nothing but mesquite, cactus and greaseweed.

Now, in view of the above conditions, and the fact that Mr. Wingle is in poor health and thru your grafting methods practically without funds, I demand that you refund the purchase price of the land, together with cost of improvements, transportation from and back to Chicago, and other necessary expenses incurred while here, with interest at six per cent on the whole. Including interest to date of this letter the amount is ($8,644.00) eight thousand six hundred and forty-four dollars.

Unless within the next two weeks we receive your check for this amount we shall at once resort to other and more effective means which we think will show you the wisdom of a prompt settlement. Better pay voluntarily and avoid trouble.

(Signed)

MRS. SARAH A. WINGLE.

"Ha!" mused Mr. Brill. "Must think I'm a sucker."

He scratched his head, made as if to throw the letter in the wastebasket, changed his mind and placed it on his desk along with the remittances, inquiries, and other correspondence requiring an answer. When he had finished with his mail he pushed a button underneath his desk, and a nervous, delicate looking man in the late thirties opened the door about twelve inches and slid into the room. He shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other and waited.

"Jenkins," said Mr. Brill, holding out the pile of letters, "some inquiries here that look like fish. Answer 'em right away. Hand 'em the bait, boy, while they're hungry."

The man Jenkins took the letters and turned toward the door, glancing thru them as he did so. Then he stopped, hesitated, and returned to Mr. Brill's desk.

"This one," he said, indicating Mrs. Wingle's letter, "isn't an inquiry. It's only a complaint from a woman down in Texas. It is your policy, I believe, to ignore all correspondence of this nature."

"Ordinarily, yes," acknowledged Mr. Brill, "but we'll answer that one. Old girl's a little too fresh. Gotta call 'er bluff. Write 'er a good hot one, Jenkins, that'll take all the sass out of 'er."

"Yes, sir, I'll attend to it," returned Jenkins, and read the letter over again. He hesitated, shook his head, and looked nervously at Mr. Brill. "But, sir, hadn't we better go a little easy with this—er—Mrs. Wingle. I hadn't read this carefully before. Seems to me she's pretty blame sure of herself. Maybe she intends to sue you."

"Sue!" Mr. Brill leaned back and vented one of his fat little chuckles. "The kind of suckers we catch, Jenkins, don't sue. We pick our fish. They just moon round for awhile, then shut up and take their medicine."

"Don't they ever make you give the money back?" parried Jenkins.

"Not so you could notice it," assured Mr. Brill. "Where would I be if they did? Honest, Jenkins, you must think I'm a sucker myself."

"But in a case like this," went on Jenkins, "don't they have some comeback? Land guaranteed to produce bumper crops under proper cultivation, and turns out to be nothing but sand hills. Ain't that considered fraud?"

"'Proper cultivation,' Jenkins; that's the joker. Now, with about a hundred tons of fertilizer to the acre and plenty of water that land might produce a fair crop of cowpeas, or something. But we don't tell 'em that. It's our business to sell the land, Jenkins, not teach agriculture."

Jenkins shifted to the other foot and leaned one hand on the corner of Mr. Brill's desk.

"I see. If you'd told these—er—Wingles about that they wouldn't have bought, would they?"

"Of course they wouldn't," admitted Mr. Brill. "So we didn't tell 'em. Think we want to cut our own throats?"

"Just the same," said the man Jenkins, "I don't like the tone of this letter. She might have something on you, after all."

"Jenkins," said Mr. Brill disgustedly, "you'll never make a success in the land business. You're too confounded conscientious. Now get out of here and answer them letters."

ALTHO the man Jenkins had been with the Southwestern Colonization Company less than two months, he had already won Mr. Brill's confidence. He had called at the company's offices every morning for two weeks before Mr. Brill hired him. But all along Mr. Brill had liked the meek, subservient way in which the man had pleaded for a job, and later he had come to appreciate the man's persistence. He was the sort of man, Mr. Brill decided, who would work hard but cheaply, do just as he was told, and never talk back. So Mr. Brill had hired him.

And in Jenkins he had not been disappointed. The man was all that he had expected he would be. He came early, stayed late, had the firm's interests at heart, and seemed fairly to worship the august Mr. Brill. He had been given the title of confidential secretary, and of late Mr. Brill had become quite chummy with him. The only trouble with Jenkins was that he was too easily disturbed. Little things, like Mrs. Wingle's letter, for example, always made him nervous.

It was just fifteen days after Mr. Brill had received Mrs. Wingle's first letter that he received a second. He read it, frowned a little deeper than usual, and this time threw it in the waste basket. Nevertheless when he had finished with his mail and rang for Jenkins he made mention of the fact.

"What does she say this time?" Jenkins wanted to know.

Mr. Brill fished the letter from the waste-basket and handed it to him. Jenkins took the letter and holding it meekly in his two hands, read:

Southwestern Colonization Company:

Gentlemen—So you won't pay? Well, maybe you think you won't, but I think you will. However, I am going to give you ten days in which to reconsider the matter. Then if you are still of the same mind I am coming East and start something you can't stop—except with a check for $8,644.00.

(Signed)

MRS. SARAH A. WINGLE.

Plainly Jenkins was perturbed. He stood on first one foot and then the other; he coughed nervously.

"If you ask me, Mr. Brill," he offered, looking meekly at his chief, "I'd say this Mrs. Wingle's going to cause you trouble. She's too—too sure of herself."

"Trouble!" echoed Mr. Brill. "What kind of trouble? Jenkins, you're a regular pessimist. She ain't got a leg to stand on."

"Maybe not," said Jenkins; "I hope not, sir, anyhow. But you never can tell about women. She's got me worried."

"Good old Jenkins," smiled Mr. Brill. "You certainly do take an interest in the firm. Right spirit, too. But don't you worry, boy. They've tried it before, and not one of 'em ever put anything over on yours truly, H. G. Brill."

"That's no sign they never will," persisted Jenkins. "If I were you, Mr. Brill, I'd keep an eye on this woman. Shall I answer her letter?"

"No," said Mr. Brill, "let 'er rave. Now trot along, Jenkins, and don't worry."

Two weeks went by and Mr. Brill forgot all about Mrs. Sarah A. Wingle. Little things like that never worried him. He had been in the business too long and had received too many threats that never amounted to anything to be concerned over the veiled threats of an insignificant woman two thousand miles away. Nine chances in ten he had heard the last of her.

Then on the evening of the fourteenth day he received a telegram from southwestern Texas. He read it, swabbed his moist brow with a lavender silk handkerchief, and summoned Jenkins.

"Read this, Jenkins!" he exclaimed, extending the yellow sheet. "It's that hussy from Texas again."

Jenkins took the message and read:

Have check ready. I'm on my way.

MRS. SARAH A. WINGLE.

"Whadda y' make of it?" asked Mr. Brill. "Think she'll come?"

"Yes, sir, I think she will. She says have check ready. That could mean but one thing—she's coming. And it's hardly likely she'd come all the way from Texas just to try to run a bluff on you. No, if you ask me, Mr. Brill, I'd

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"But, Sir, Hadn't We Better Go a Little Easy With This—er—Mrs. Wingle? Seems to Me She's Pretty Blame Sure of Herself."

Now That Young Desmond Had Been Saved for Thirty Days, What Is to Happen on the Thirty-first?

The Riddle of the Yellow Zuri

By Frank T. Cassidy and Joseph Alfred Bonney

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GODDESS CHANCE AND SAM JOHNSON.

CARY DESMOND stared first at the crisp bill held in Carson's outstretched fingers, then into his foster brother's face. Amazement, incredulity, were written on his own finely chiselled features. Gingerly he took the bill; he scanned it with the practised eye of the bank teller. Again he turned his gaze on the other.

"Cliff—surely—surely you don't mean that this came from father? How could——" He stopped, at a loss for words.

Carson inclined his head toward a chair. He drew up one for himself, close to the one which Cary took.

"Cary, your father was a printer when he was young, was he not?"

Cary nodded dazedly. "So—so grandfather has told Marcia and me. He ran away from home when he was a boy and learned the printing trade. From that he developed into a mechanician for printing machinery, and in time became a mechanical engineer."

Carson nodded slowly. Then, taking the glazed message from his pocket, he outlined to Cary Desmond the happenings of that afternoon. Cary inspected the curly layer of the blotter carefully, nodding.

"You are right," he said incredulously. "It is father's cryptic way of conveying a message to us without using handwriting—making the big Van Twillingham divorce suit serve as the key to his meaning. Your interpretation is right, Cliff. The letter spacing at top and bottom can mean nothing else than: 'Be ready to see me—can't see you yet—watch for next communication.' Lord, Cliff, what a mystery for father to be involved in. Do you think that he could be held prisoner in some way?"

"I did think something like that might be the case," admitted Carson, "but I would hesitate to accept that as the only solution. One thing we know. His message contained a U. S. bill worth twenty thousand dollars. That is a factor which can be interpreted in several ways. It may mean that he is wealthy and that it is but part of what he has today—or it might mean that it is a stake he has made and that it is his sole pile. One thing is certain, he knew full well that I was ensconced in my own office here in Chicago, which shows that he has seen the papers describing the new bureau of investigation. I cannot help but believe that he knows more than we give him credit for—for instance, that Marcia and I are to be married, and that instead of being merely his foster son I am soon to be something more close. That could be deduced from the way in which he has trusted me."

"But thirty days!" interpolated Cary. "He tells you to use the money for thirty days. How——"

Carson shook his head. "I don't know the why nor wherefore of that. I do know that your father would give his last penny on earth to spare you what he had suffered. I could show you letters from him in prison which tell that only too strongly. It would almost seem that he knows of your embezzlement, the way in which he has come to the rescue. But there is one thing he doesn't know, and I believe he has become mixed up on his dates. He does not appear to be cognizant of the fact that a week ago he had been missing and unheard of for seven years. If he knows that his share of the Tessville tract is worth from forty thousand to fifty thousand dollars he fatuously believes that it is still safe. And this is the vital information that must be gotten to him quickly now, that already the seven years of his absence are up and that next Friday he will be legally dead. It is not enough for us to know that we will hear from him again, we must locate him before that time. And in the meantime we can use this twenty thousand dollars with perfect assurance, for, if we locate your father, even if this were all he had in the world, he will be worth several times this by the Tessville tract."

"And you think, Cliff, that this Bill Wiswell, the investigator you hired, may be able to find a clew to father by means of examining the type in all the printshops in Hammond, Indiana?"

"I dare not hypothesize," responded the other. "There are other printing presses in existence than open ones, you know—presses concealed in dark basements and boarded-up attics, used by bands of counterfeiters and other rascals. There's no telling what the circumstances were which gave your father access to a press. Again, this letter, bearing only my name and office address in typewriting, might conceivably have been only mailed at Hammond, Indiana. If your father is playing some sort of a quiet game of his own against some enemy, it has not been given us to have a peep into it."

Till late in the night the two sat there and discussed the strange revelation with its material help that had literally come out of the sky in the nick of time. At last, when the hands of Carson's clock pointed nearly to midnight, Cary Desmond arose.

"Cliff, I feel like a condemned murderer who has had his sentence commuted. As I said today, I'm going to stop off at the Mid-West Trust tomorrow morning on the plea of fixing up an account before I go on my vacation, insert this bill among my cash on hand, and then go away with a free heart. I'm going to spend the balance of the week clearing up my engagements here in town, get the benefit of the paid-up rent of my apartment, and next Monday, Cliff, I'm going to pack up and go back to the little Giddings street house and stay where I belong."

"That is what I hoped you'd say, Cary. This gay, feverish life you've been leading is no life for a man who handles money. Everything has broken well for us today—and everything will end even better. Put that bill in your shoe before you go so you'll be safe in case any hold-up men interview you between here and Oak street. Tomorrow morning get up at dawn, ride out to Giddings street, meet Marcia when she comes off of her night trick and tell her the good news. That's all."

When Cary Desmond left, the bill safe in his left shoe, Carson undressed with a feeling of extreme light heartedness, tempered only by the mystery that attended Henry Desmond's message and its valuable inclosure. But he was tired, and soon after his head struck the pillow he was asleep. It was the following morning when he was back in his office opening up his mail that his telephone bell rang and he recognized the voice of Marcia on the wire—the tired, worried tones entirely gone from it.

"Cary told me all this morning, Cliff,"

"Eureka!" He Cried, "Capital, Lo. I Tell You We're in Luck. Pringle's Carnival and Circus Is Booked for Kensington, Ill., for Three Days."

Carson Saw That It Was Indeed Something That Tallied Exactly With What Jake Jennings and the Encyclopedia Had Termed a Zuri, or Tiger Snake.

What Has Gone Before—Read It First

REGGIE VAN TWILLINGHAM and Dolly, his wife, had had several quarrels and their troubles had been carried to the Divorce Cout. Reggie, a Chicago multimillionaire, was jealous of Leon Spanginelli, an Italian baritone singer, and Dolly attested that Reggie had arranged a "man-trap" on his home safe for the purpose of ending her life. Anyway, the device had shot her boudoir cap off when she went to the strongbox of money. Of course, Reggie denied any such intention. Burglars had opened the safe on two occasions and he merely wanted to put a stop to such depredations, he declared in his counter bill for separations.

He also declared that ordinary business letters and cards sent to his wife were nothing less than code messages from the Italian. For example, he had found that the typewritten words, "Dear Madam," or "Dear Mrs. Twillingham," if the letters were widely spaced, meant "Be Ready to Meet Me at the Usual Place, the Usual Hour." If the letters of the firm's name—in printers' type—were widely spaced, then the message conveyed to Dolly would be, "I Cannot Be at the Appointed Place. Watch for Next Communication."

CLIFFORD CARSON, mining engineer and Government agent to prevent the sale of fraudulent mining stocks, received a call from

JAKE JENNINGS of North Dakota, who was desirous of recovering an escaped Zuri snake, better known in India as Tiger snake, a small yellow reptile with black rings circling its body from head to tail. He believed the snake had been brought to Chicago in a cargo of mixed freight. He would pay one thousand dollars reward for its recovery, dead or alive, and pay Carson a fee of two hundred and fifty dollars, but the newspaper "ad" must not disclose his (Jennings') name. It was arranged that all replies to the ad should be made to

MARCIA DESMOND, telephone girl, granddaughter of Prof. Angus Desmond, noted zoologist, who was now aged and the recipient of a small pension. At present the old scientist was in Havana, Cuba, on some pursuit or other.

HENRY DESMOND, Marcia's father, had been wrongfully imprisoned in Joliet for embezzlement. After two years he had escaped and his later whereabouts were unknown. His two children and their grandfather were poor; the girl's earnings went to keep up the isolated cottage home in an outlying district of Chicago.

CARY DESMOND, the son, earned more money, but lived away from home on a rather luxurious scale.

MATTHIAS SMOCK, a greedy money-lender, and Henry Desmond had been joint owners of a forty-acre tract in the outskirts of Chicago. The tract was now worth one hundred thousand dollars—a street railroad company had offered that for it. Smock offered Marcia and Cary Desmond one thousand dollars each to sign before a certain time or receive nothing.

The snake ad was duly sent to the daily papers, to be well displayed, but before any responses were received Cary Desmond slunk into Carson's office with a doleful message. He confessed that he had embezzled twenty thousand dollars from the Mid-West Trust & Savings Bank, where he was employed as a teller. And the bank examiner was due to come next day.

Cary had lost the bank's money dabbling in blue sky copper stock. In his leisure hours the boy had invented a burglar-proof safe. Reggie Van Twillingham was offering twenty-five thousand dollars for the model of such an invention. Carson believed Cary might yet be saved. While considering Cary's inventive genius, Carson received a large envelope by mail, postmarked Hammond, Ind. It contained a blotter, on the glazed side of which was printed, "Carson—Do as you like with the money in your hands for thirty days— Desmond." The letters in "Carson" and "Desmond" were wide spaced. After considerable study Carson split the blotter from corner to corner. Out dropped a new U. S. gold certificate. It was for twenty thousand dollars.

Carson was convinced that the friend who sent it was Cary's father. Anyway, Cary could use it to stave off his arrest for at least thirty days.

This story began in No. 50, the Ledger for Dec. 16. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

she said delightedly. "To know that daddy is alive has been like a powerful tonic to me. Do you think we will locate him soon, Cliff?"

"I am sure of it," Carson assured her. "Just how soon depends upon what report this Wiswell makes Thursday."

"I will be eagerly waiting that report," she said. "Now another thing, Cliff. Those advertisements in last night's and this morning's Chicago papers have been bringing results."

"Advertisements?" queried Carson perplexedly. "Oh—the Zuri snake ads!" In the excitement of bigger things he had almost forgotten the matter of the two hundred and fifty dollar fee which he and Marcia, by the use of Grandfather Desmond's name, were attempting to earn.

"Yes, Cliff, four people called up between 8 and 9 this morning. Each one of them quite disregarded the stipulation in the advertisement saying that they should ring this number only between 3 and 6 p. m. At any rate, each one believed he might have the snake which was advertised for. Each one, too, Cliff, wanted to come out at once, but I was so wearied from my short day's sleep yesterday that I had to enjoin them to call between 4 and 5 this afternoon."

"Well, you did quite right, honey-girl. Jennings' petty fee doesn't mean so much to us now, does it? But we'll have to see it thru so long as we've embarked on the job. Well, sweetheart, suppose you look for me today around 4 or slightly before, and I'll interview these people. And get to bed now and get a good sleep."

And receiving her promise that she would go to bed at once to recuperate from her night's work, he told her goodby and they both hung up.

IT WAS with a light heart that he worked thru till 2:30 o'clock that afternoon, when he closed down his desk and with a few instructions to the stenographer about locking up, took his hat and embarked on the long ride out to Giddings street. When he reached there, nearly an hour and a quarter later, he found a pink and white, rested and budding Marcia, with eyes bright, cheeks glowing with color, clad in a little green silk house dress protected by a bungalow-apron, and busy in the preparation of a fancy salad on the kitchen table and some delectable desert which she hastily screened from his vision by a silver cover.

"I thought, Cliff," she told him as he peered curiously in at the preparations on the kitchen table, "that you surely earned your supper by coming 'way out here just to interview those people with snakes." She gave a little shiver, and smiled at him reassuringly.

It was a few minutes past 4 when the first ring at the doorbell came. Carson answered it. A boy of about 15 stood on the threshold with a newspaper wrapped package in his hand. He stepped in diffidently at Carson's friendly invitation, and with his cap in his hand delivered his brief peroration in the inner hall.

"Mister, it was me that called up this morning. I seen your ad in the paper when I was lookin' for the colyum on secon'-hand bicycles. An' I sorta thought I had that yellow snake you was lookin' for. I caught it yesterday afternoon in Lincoln Park." He deposited his cap on the post of the banister and unwrapping his package exposed a glass mason jar, screened at the top with a piece of cheesecloth, and containing a tiny threadlike snake with a pronounced yellow-greenish tint. But vestige of black rings running around the body, as described by Mr. Jake Jennings, there was none whatever.

Carson, the mason jar in his hand, surveyed the little grass snake a moment and then shook his head slowly. "I'm very sorry, my boy, but this isn't the serpent advertised for. The one that is wanted is not only yellow—even more yellow than this—but has circular stripes on its body." He handed it back to the boy, and the look of disappointment on the youngster's face was so keen that Carson couldn't resist digging down into his pocket with his other hand and abstracting a dollar bill which he tucked into the boy's fingers.

"It's too bad, sonny, but you just take this to partly pay you for the long trip out here to the prairies." He laughed. "Pretty long trip, wasn't it, and worth a dollar at least, don't you think?"

The boy, like all those blessed with youth, was a philosopher. He grinned. He stuffed the bill in his pocket, and drew his cap on his head. "Thank you, mister. I'm awful sorry I troubled you." And he allowed Carson to usher him out the same door by which he had come in, and a second later was tramping down the narrow flower-adorned path that led to the sidewalk. And Carson and the girl, peeping at him from behind the curtains of the parlor, saw him liberate the tiny, harmless reptile on one of the nearby unsold lots of the district, and then toss the mason jar away into the heavy weeds which grew up close to the cement sidewalk.

He had not been gone from sight long before a middle-aged man with bushy mustaches came trudging along the sidewalk, a covered basket in his hand, his gaze fixed upon the little lone cottage. Carson smiled to Marcia. "Better get back to that little supper you're fixing, kidlets. A few more of these reptilian exhibits, and you won't have any appetite left."

She repaired back to the kitchen, and a second later the doorbell rang for the second time. Again Carson opened it. "I called up this morning," began the bushy mustached man in the doorway, but Carson cut him off by motioning him inside the inner hallway. "I was the one who called up this morning," the newcomer repeated, once inside. "Tom Foley was the name." Carson nodded. "I'm a gardener for Mrs. Hartley Blaine of Oak Park," the man continued, "and I killed this here rep-tile with a rake this very mornin'. At breakfus when I was readin' the paper, I seen your ad and—well, here I am."

He lowered the basket to the floor, removed the cloth from it, and raising it up by the handle showed to Carson what was lying therein on a clean newspaper; the body of a thick, short serpent, with a bright yellow head, several rows of yellow diamond-shaped patches joined point to point along its back from its head to the tail, and a more or less intricately laced pattern of reds and greens and blacks covering all the other portions.

But one look at the squat, hideous thing, and Carson shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Foley, very sorry, but while this has a good proportion of yellow in its markings it isn't a tiger-snake—or Zuri. The species of serpent which was advertised for is a bright yellow with circular black stripes running around the body." And with several motions of his finger he described to the heavily mustached Foley the general pattern by which the Zuri identified himself with the bright foliage and sharp shadows of far-off India.

Mr. Foley was a bit disappointed, but evidently had been aiming for the prize only as one takes a shot in the dark, for he silently packed the worthless body of his reptile back in his basket as tho it were worth a million dollars in gold, and lighting a corncob pipe, pulled his hat over his head. With a tweak at his long mustache, he raised his basket to his arm and took his departure, aided by two extra good cigars from the person of one Clifford Carson, who was beginning to feel by this time that Mr. Jake Jennings' proposition was costing him something personally in the requirements it imposed toward easing the feelings of disappointed applicants.

He was less polite with the next comer, for the reason that that visitor proved very shortly to be nothing else but an astute business man, alive to the opportunity of the hour. The latter was a dark, short individual, obviously a Persian or a Hindoo, whose flamboyant printed card proved that he dealt in animals of all sorts for circuses, zoos and museums. He brought with him a phlegmatic, even apathetic, little reptile in a glass cylinder screened at each end.

"Nalon Toorah," he said, bowing deeply. "My name, sair, eez on card in your hand. I see ad—your ad—in paper las' night. So you wan' tiger snake—Indian tiger snake, eh? Was ever snake w'at I can no provide? I doubt him much, sair." And as he rattled off his accomplishments in his special line, he held aloft with much eclat the glass cylinder he had brought. But while the reptile lying therein was yellow, indeed, it was mottled with black spots like a leopard—there was no sign of black rings on its body.

"Is that an Indian tiger snake?" asked Carson pointedly.

Nalon Toorah looked a bit sheepish. "Sair, eet eez tigair snake—joos like Tigair snake of India—no deefrence much account at all, sair. We call 'im crawling leopard. He eez same snake."

"But is that snake the one known as the Zuri?"

Nalon Toorah was a crafty dodger "Sair, zere eez no deefrence. I know w'at you wan' snake for. You wan' mak' experiments weez poison in 'im. But he is same poison—I assure you, sair. Leopard—tigair—w'at deefrence zat mak', I ask? You wan' mak' venom serum, eh? Sure. Then theez snake joos' w'at you lookin' for."

Carson's voice was a bit sharp. He did not like to be made the recipient of specious arguments tending to convince him that he should purchase something he had not called for. In other words, he was not in the market for reptiles just because they came from India.

"Mr. Toorah, if you'll go back home and read my advertisement carefully, you'll find that the reptile asked for is the Zuri, or Indian tiger snake—a yellow bodied snake with black rings running around its body from head to tail. This is a yellow snake and it's got plenty of black on it—but it isn't a Zuri. You know that and I know it. Now if you've got a Zuri—well, for instance, have you added such a reptile to your stock during the last twenty-four hours?"

Mr. Toorah scratched his chin. "Zuri is common enough snake," he replied. "He is use' in all circuses an' museums by snak' charmers w'at wan' make beeg show—him and coral snake and ze Texas rattler. But I no have exactly Zuri in stock. I can get you Zuri from New York for mooch less zan thousan' dollars, if you wait—say—a week. If you can wait ninety days, I get you big bunch from India—all kinds Zuri, and cost you less than ten dollars 'piece. I can——"

"Have you got a Zuri in stock this minute?" interrupted Carson abruptly.

Mr. Toorah shook his head sadly. "No, not now, sair. Have no had Zuri for long, long time. Can get—can easy get, sair."

"Then I'm very sorry, Mr. Toorah, but we can do no business together. I am after one certain reptile that is already in Chicago. It can be identified if it is brought here. I am not in the market for tiger snakes in general, nor for so-called leopard snakes. This fellow you've got here will not do at all."

Mr. Toorah attempted to argue further the merits of the Indian leopard snake against the Indian tiger snake, but Carson gave him short shrift. He was thoroly irritated by the attempt of the man to secure the offered thousand dollars for a specimen worth only around ten dollars, as well as the manner in which the latter had failed to play fair even regarding the species of the creature. And by being more sharp in his tones than he had been at any time thus far, Carson had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Toorah literally forced to take his departure, muttering under his breath, his dark face sullen.

IT WAS fully 5:20 by the little mantel clock in the parlor when a fat negro woman bustled up the front steps entirely out of breath, her black roly-poly face the countenance of an innocent child, her surplus avoirdupois bouncing up and down in front of her, her ponderous skirts sweeping a pair of old shoes several sizes too large for her. Carson wondered as he answered the door whether she had come to solicit washing, but he was soon to find that his quest had reached what appeared to be its end. He gave her a seat in the parlor so that she could regain her breath, and as soon as she had gotten a long respiration she poured forth her errand.

"Dat wuthless husban' o' mine, Sam Johnson," her story ran, punctuated by more or less wheezing, "done got dat ah snek you's looking fo', seh. Dat man is a wu'ker on de railroad tracks down roun' de Canal street depot—he jes' wu'ks on de roadbed roun' de railroad yahds, yo' undahstan'—he don' go out wid none ob dem wuthless section gangs. An' dataway he done cotch dat ah yellah tigah snek yo' oil talked 'bout in de paper."

"You believe your husband got the snake we advertised for?" Carson asked.

(Continued on Page 19.)

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

No. 3814.—Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 2⅛ yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe and 3¼ yards for the dress. Price 12 cents.

No. 4178.—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2¾ yards. Price 12 cents.

Nos. 4172-4174.—A Stylish Street Costume. Coat 4172 cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size. Skirt 4174 cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 2⅝ yards. To make this style for a 31-inch size will require 3⅝ yards of 44-inch material. Two separate patterns 12 cents for each pattern.

No. 4188.—Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3965.—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 7⅞ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 4180.—Ladies' Apron Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 32-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 3438.—Two Dainty Aprons. Cut in one size: Medium. No. 1, will require ⅞ yard of 36-inch material, and No. 2 will require 1¼ yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 3770.—A Dainty Boudoir Set. Cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. The cap, No. 1, will require ⅝ yard of 27-inch material. No. 2 will require ⅝ yard. One pair of slippers will require ⅝ yard for a medium size. Price 12 cents.

No. 4183.—Ladies' Bloomers. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 27-29; medium, 31-33; large, 35-37, and extra large, 39-41 inches waist measure. A medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

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Concluding the Story of the Two Who Made a Cast for Wealth

Tempting Fortune

By Crittenden Marriott

Dick Deftly Opened the Envelope and Read Its Contents.

CHAPTER VI.

"TRUST HER NOT; SHE'S FOOLING THEE."

MAN learns intrigue by trial and error, but woman takes to it by instinct.

Most men are terrified when first they learn the astounding ability of even the most empty-headed girl in this direction and realize that their masculine natures are mere clay in the hands of any woman who cares to mold them. Man can, of course, like the conquerer of old, throw his sword into one scale and make the other kick the beam, but if he shrinks from this and meets woman on her own ground, he is beaten before he starts. The hard training of the old days (or bad ones, it all depending on the point of view) before woman thought of asserting her equality, let alone her superiority, to man; the training of the days when she depended on cajolery for everything she obtained, has necessarily left its impress upon the sex.

This inherited talent for finesse lies latent in nearly every woman, only awaiting development. Once brought out, the love for practicing it grows with astounding rapidity. The number of women who have wrecked their own lives and the lives of others out of sheer love of mischief-making is incalculable. To think of it is almost to satisfy oneself that the wit was right who said that it was well to encourage women to play the fool to keep them from playing the devil.

Dick Francis had come to his position of intrigue thru a long series of gradations; Rose Francis, presumably innocent theretofore, took to plotting as if she had been training for it all her life. Probably like many other people, she considered, without really formulating the proposition in her own mind, that moral restrictions did not apply in business matters. For little as the sex may realize it, and earnestly as they will deny it, matrimony, in the past, was as much a matter of business to women as to men. Until recently every other channel to a larger life and wider interests has been closed to them and all their talents have concentrated in that line alone. Success in marriage forty years ago brought everything that a woman could hope to win; failure—becoming an "old maid"—brought dependence—often on some other woman, secret humiliation and—shame to say it—more or less contempt. Rose had a fortune at stake, and having made up her mind to win, was prepared to carry her point at all hazards.

This is why, on the morning after the marriage plot was formed, she dressed herself in her very prettiest clothes, assumed her very happiest expression, and set out for Mr. Lecourt's home. Halfway there, at a bridge across a little creek, she met Bessie coming towards her.

Like most girls in Kentucky who have been brought up in the pure air and on the pure foods of the country, Bessie was beautiful—not beautiful like slender Rose, half of whose charm lay in her brilliant coloring and animated manners—but beautiful on a grand scale, with perfect features and deep, steadfast gray eyes that gave one a sense of reliance on her integrity under all circumstances.

The two girls were on excellent terms with each other. Totally different in their styles of beauty and having no apparent cause for jealous enmity, their relations, so far, had been pleasant, if not intimate, and, on this occasion, they greeted each other with smiles.

Rose hastened forward with outstretched hands. "Good morning, Bessie, dear!" she cried gaily. "How lucky I am to find you. I came down to look at this dear creek. Now you can tell me all about it!"

Bessie stared, as well she might, at this sudden access of interest in the creek, to which Rose had hitherto attached no sort of consideration whatever. However, she responded brightly. "The creek!" she exclaimed. "Why in the world——"

"Oh, Stephen is so fond of it and of course I am, too—now."

Something in the tones struck to Bessie's heart, causing her to turn a startled gave upon the other's face, a question in her eyes. Rose blushed slightly. "Yes," she said, "it's quite true. I didn't mean to tell any one until the Colonel had approved, but—oh, I'm so happy, Bessie. I must tell somebody."

"I—I never suspected this," stammered Bessie, in a curiously strained tone. "I'm sure I hope that you'll be very, very happy and I know you will be. But I must hurry back home. I know that father will be waiting for me. I've been too long away already. Good-by, dear."

Rose carefully shook out her skirts. "I must hurry home, too," she said. "You won't tell any one, will you, Bessie. We want to keep it a secret for a little while."

"I'll tell no one! No one! Good-by."

Rose hurried back to the house, where, luckily for herself, she met Dick just coming out. Quickly she called him to her.

"I've just left Bessie down by the creek," she exclaimed tensely. "She's all broken up—thinks Stephen has gone back on her and all that. Go and propose right away. She'll take you if I know the signs. Hurry!"

Dick obeyed. Hurrying down the path, he came to the bridge across the creek. As he reached it, he saw Bessie just rising from a seat on a grassy bank.

With a smile, he swept off his hat and tossed his curly hair back from his forehead. "Good morning, Miss Bessie," he cried. "This is a sight for sore eyes. Where are you bound?"

The girl smiled, nervously, it seemed to Dick. "I'm going home," she said. "Won't you come with me?"

"Come with you? To the end of the world."

Bessie started, but Dick swept on. "Don't be frightened, dear," he said. "Haven't you guessed that I love you? Why, you are never out of my thoughts—never out of my heart. Can't you care for me, Bessie?"

"I don't understand," exclaimed the girl plaintively, clasping and unclasping her hands. "You love me?"

"Yes, you! You! Always you! Oh, Bessie, say that you will give me a little hope, won't you, dear?" He stretched out his hands towards her, as if to take her in his arms.

But Bessie drew back. Her head was in a whirl. She had never suspected Dick of any predilection for herself—this for the very good reason that heretofore he neither had felt or showed any. This headlong wooing by an almost utter stranger took her breath away—but yet—but yet— The girl's heart was very sore at the thought of Stephen's defection.

The two had never been formally engaged, but they had always been sweethearts, and the thought that he had treated her in this way was torture. But if she should accept Dick and let it be known at once, no one could ever say that Stephen had jilted her.

She raised her eyes to Dick's. "Mr.

(Continued on Page 22.)

Read This First—Then Finish the Story

RICHARD FRANCIS, known in California as Senor Ricardo Francisco, was dying in a New York hospital, from a stray bullet wound received while passing thru the Bowery. He was reputed to be worth five millions in mines and mining stocks. He kept calling for Truesdell, his Eastern lawyer, who arrived and was ushered in by young Dr. Thomas Cable, the physician in the case. Martha Jones, an attractive young nurse, was present.

The dying man made a new will, leaving $10,000 to Dr. Cable, $10,000 to Reginald Truesdell, his lawyer, and $100,000 to Thomas O'Malley, of California, his partner, the residue of his estate to go to his two children, by whatever names they might be known when found. Their real names, he stated, were Richard and Rose Francis.

In a codicil to his will Senor Francisco stipulated that $100,000 should go to a man known as Prescott, who had rescued his children when Apache Indians, twenty or more years before, had caused the death of his wife and left him, Francisco, for dead beneath his overturned wagon. The girl, he said, would very likely possess half of a broken, slender gold chain; the boy might still have a cuff button of peculiar pattern. They possessed such trinkets when carried off by the Indians.

Hearing this, as Mr. Francis, or Senor Francisco, breathed his last, the nurse released a thin gold chain from her neck and broke it in half. One piece, with one of Dr. Cable's cuff buttons, she surreptitiously laid on the small table and slyly swept the button and fragment of chain the dying man had deposited with the will and other papers into her pocket.

"Now, doctor," said the nurse to Cable, some hours later, after explaining her bold scheme, "from now now on you are Richard Francis, Jr., and I am Rose Francis. Thomas Cable and Martha Jones have ceased to exist."

We next find the pair at the home of Colonel Ralph Francis, brother of Richard, in Kentucky, duly accepted as the rightful heirs by the Colonel, and there to await the Probate Court's action on the wealthy Francisco's will, with Lawyer Truesdell not fully convinced as to the amazing claims set forth by the young doctor and the comely young nurse.

Winter Eggs, By the Bushel

Mrs. Holsclaw Tells How Don Sung Made Her Hens Shell Out Eggs.

"In October I started giving Don Sung to our 50 hens. It promptly brought them from 2 eggs a day up to 25 a day. My next $1 box brought them up to 36 and 38 eggs a day right through January. Now (Feb. 17th) I am using my third $1 box and I expect it will bring them up to 45 or even 50 a day. Our hens are in the best condition and the eggs are the largest and finest we ever had."—Mrs. W. T. Holsclaw, North Vernon, Ind.

Nearly 3 dozen every day for Mrs. Holsclaw in November, December, January and February. Certainly not a bad increase for hens that were only laying 2 eggs a day, is it?

She started just as we're asking you to start, by accepting this offer:

Give Don Sung to 15 hens. Then watch results for 30 days. If it doesn't show you a big increase in eggs, if it doesn't pay for itself and pay you a good profit besides, tell us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg laying) acts directly on the egg-laying organs, and is beneficial in every way. It makes hens healthy and happy. They scratch and sing. Pullets develop earlier. The whole flock lays regularly in any season, in any weather, when eggs are scarce and high.

Can you afford to ignore the wonderful reports you are hearing from Don Sung users everywhere? Why not let us show you the same results, with your own flock? Don Sung is no trouble to use. It costs nothing to try. All we ask is a chance to prove our claims, entirely at our risk. Send 50 cents for package by mail prepaid (large size, $1, holds three times as much). Burrell-Dugger Co., 438 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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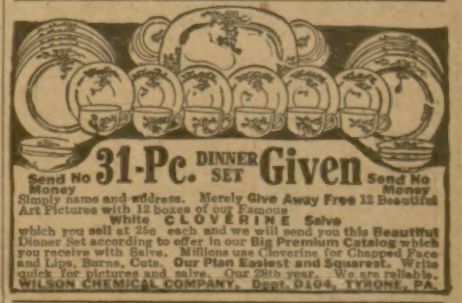

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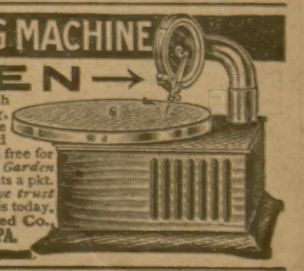

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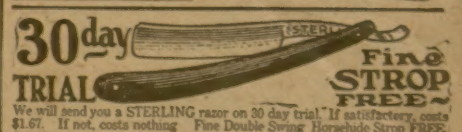

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

AGAIN, Happy New Year! This is the anniversary of our friendship, yours and mine. Fifty-three weeks ago it was that I bid you all hello and "Happy New Year." I have enjoyed you! All the dear, sweet letters I have received from you have treasured themselves up in my heart of hearts, and I love you, my dears, every one of you, and only hope I will continue, this year, to hear from you again and again, notwithstanding there are so many letters!

Well, sir—what do you think our Christmas tree reminded me of today! Well, it reminded me of a certain class of people, as it snuggled there, so daintily voluptuous. It reminded me of the contrast between the twins that live next door.

The twins' names are Elsie and Violet. They are said to be identical twins and I guess that underneath all their toggeries and hats and everything, that they are exactly alike all right enough. But, goodness! You'd never guess it to see them in a gathering together.

Elsie is very, very neat; so neat that everybody adds, as a matter of course when they speak of Elsie, "Isn't she as neat as a pin, tho!" In fact, Elsie is painfully neat; uncompromisingly so—mannishly so! She is very slender and she wears the most neatly tailored blue serge suit I've ever seen. The lapels of her coat hardly show, so perfectly do they lie. A neatly pleated white waist front is surmounted by a perfect little white collar. Her brown hair brushed back smoothly and the top of her head reflects light as patent leather. You would never suspect her hair is naturally curly, but it is. If her hair ever got loose enough for a wave to show, I am sure she would die of mortification. She looks very stern, but oh! she's neat. And, oh! she revels in her reputation for neatness.

But when one speaks of Violet, her twin sister, one always thinks, "What a pretty, pleasing little creature! Entrancing! Charming!" Violet is neat, too. But Violet is not painfully neat. Her crispy, curling hair is held in place you know, but you realize it's entrancingly curly. A stiff, white collar or waist she never wears. Instead of paying sixty-five dollars for a tailored suit, she pays it for a serge dress, with the wide French sleeve caught at the wrist by a tiny serge cuff. Instead of the starchy little collar, a spray, of webby lace falls from her dress collar, or makes cascades over her dainty bosom. She indulges in such nonsense as pearl adornments for her ears; or a glistening little wrist watch snuggling under a feminine cuff; or a limpid jewel hanging from a threadlike gold chain. She is one hundred per cent neat. Don't mistake me there. There is never a thing about her that is not so. But she is neat not in a painful way, pinched way, but in an exuberant way, just as the Christmas tree is neat. The "neat twin" and the "charming twin" do not look like identical twins at all, but they are. The reason the former is known as she is, results from her being just neat and nothing else. While the other is neat plus something, and that something has to do with taste and artistic feeling and enchantment of the charm that is already there.

So one learns that there are two kinds of "neatness;" the severe kind, that has nothing but neatness as an aim and end; and the exuberant kind, that lends itself to the higher aim of increasing beauty and femininity.

Which discussion reminds me that beginning with the next issue of the Ledger, I shall present to you on page 6 a series of special talks and pen-and-ink sketches by which I hope to prove to you that many of us who are considered homely are so only because we have not chosen the proper type of garments or the proper colors, or a suitable style for doing the hair. I hope to entertain you a bit, but better, to give you some information which all of you can use in your own lives.

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Baked Apple Sauce
Corn Flakes — Bacon
Muffins — Coffee

DINNER.

Fruit Appetizer
Veal Cutlets
Cauliflower — Creamed Potatoes
Milk Sponge Cake — Custard

SUPPER.

Fish Salad
Cinnamon Toast — Canned Fruit

Baked Apple Sauce.

Wash, pare and core eight apples, and cut out in eighths. Put in a casserole with about three-quarters of a cup of sugar and a half cup of water. Cover and bake in a slow oven. This should take several hours; so it is a good plan to leave in oven while other baking is being done.

Fish Salad.

For every three cups of flaked, cooked halibut you will need one cup finely shaved cabbage, and a little minced pepper. Dress the cabbage with French dressing and mix with the fish. Now add enough sour cream dressing made by mixing sour cream with salt, pepper and a little vinegar to moisten. Arrange on beds of watercress or lettuce.

Milk Sponge Cake.

Two eggs.
One cup sugar.
Six tablespoons hot milk.
One teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract.
One cup flour.
One and one-half teaspoons baking powder.
One-eighth teaspoon salt.

Beat yolks of eggs until thick; add half of sugar slowly, beating continually; add hot milk, remainder of sugar and whites of eggs beaten until stiff; add flavoring; add flour, salt and baking powder which has been sifted together. Bake in ungreased tube pan in moderate oven about twenty-five minutes.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

GOOD SENSE AND CANNED GOODS

HERE are some people who never use any canned goods, especially tinned goods, without a tinge of conscience. "I don't know why my children couldn't be healthy," complains one woman. "They have never had a mouthful of canned goods in their lives." These people seem to think that they run imminent danger of ptomaines every time they eat anything canned, and that somehow or other all the real nourishment in food is lost in the canning process. They avoid hotels and restaurants when possible, and have a dread of boarding-house for fear of canned goods.

That's one point of view. Then there are other women who will buy tinned pumpkin in November and December when an entire pumpkin can be bought for the price of a small can of pumpkin mixture—just because it is easier to use the can opener than to prepare a pumpkin.

They use canned peas in June because they don't like to shell fresh peas and make chicken dinner of canned chicken tho a fresh chicken never enters their kitchens.

Both these points of view are rather extreme. Canned goods are very useful and usually perfectly wholesome. Insist on getting cans in good condition. If the can shows swellings refuse it. If it gives off an unpleasant gas or efferveses when opened don't take a chance with its contents. Empty contents as soon as opened and keep in a cool place. Don't use canned vegetables when you can get plenty of fresh ones, but when there is a question between eating stale vegetables from the market or freshly opened canned vegetables wisdom should lead you to choose the latter. An important child specialist says that good quality canned vegetables are to be preferred to vegetables that are stale.

Especially helpful are canned goods in cases of emergency. Every housewife should have some on hand to fill in the gaps left when deliveries are slow.

Boiling Vegetables.

SHOULD you be busy in another part of the house and are unable to watch the vegetables which have been put on the stove to boil, put a small lump of butter in the water. This will make the vegetables cook steadily and without boiling over.

Never Ate an Egg.

THE most outstanding fact in the life of a woman who died in Delaware at the age of 95 is that she never ate an egg. To say the least, this is an unusual record, remarks one commentator. One might think that she never ate eggs for the simple reason that she disliked them. But if she never ate an egg how did she know that she did not like them? So the mystery remains unsolved.

Towel Economy.

TOWELS that are wearing very thin can be prolonged for service if two are sewn together? It might be well to darn over the badly worn portions, catching both towels together. Of course the towels would have to be similar to be joined together at all.

New Use for Twine.

TIE the cord or twine that comes around packages into a ball, then either knit or crochet holders for handling hot pans, or it can be crochetted into a strong dishcloth.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

WHEN TO ARRIVE

IF YOU have been invited to a friend's house for dinner or luncheon you should ordinarily not think of arriving more than five or ten minutes before the time set for the dinner. However, if you are coming from out of town and find it convenient to arrive earlier then you should let your hostess know of your plans beforehand.

It is regarded as a grave social error to be late to a dinner, luncheon or card party. If you find that you have been delayed even ten or fifteen minutes you should immediately telephone or otherwise inform your hostess. If you find that you must be as much as a half hour late—thru conditions, of course, which you cannot remedy—then suggest to your hostess that you had better not come at all. However, if she assures you that you will be welcome at a late hour then you should be sure to go.

Never arrive at an "at-home" or reception even a moment before the time set. It is better not to arrive until at least a quarter of an hour after the time specified. That is if the cards read "four to six" you are wise not to arrive at any rate until a quarter after four. Usually one should not stay more than a half hour at a reception unless you are an intimate friend, and have been asked to stay thruout the reception. Do not arrive after a quarter of an hour before the last hour mentioned on the cards. That is, do not arrive after a quarter of six, and do not remain much after six.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts About It; Its History; Its Meaning; Whence It Was Derived; Your Lucky Day and Lucky Jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

ELLA

ELLA is an elfin name. Its source lies in Fairyland, where the elves, or white spirits, were supposed to be gifted, shadowy beings given to influencing strangely the lives of mortals. Ella means "elf; friend."

The elf king was called Elberich. His fairy-kindred and their popularity in England and Ireland established the use of elf names early in history. Every one remembers Aelfgifu, the unfortunate Elgiva, whose beauty was like the fairy gift which her name signifies, and brought ruin upon herself and her husband.

Aalfwine (elf darling), daughter of Earl of Southampton, was Knut's first wife. A bishop of Lichfield was called Aelflwne, but he preferred to be addressed as Aella. This is the first appearance of Ella, and it seems curious that it should have been of a masculine name.

Aella, as it was then spelled, named the sponsor for the execution of Ragnar Lodbrog, and it was Aelle of Deira, whose name caused Gregory the Great to say that "Allelujah" should be sung in those regions.

Ella is much used in this country, but her significance is so little known, that her popularity must be attributed to harmony of sound.

The opal is Ella's talismanic gem, but the fairy, which popular superstition declares is imprisoned within the stone, must be a good fairy, for Ella is promised many friends, success, and much happiness. Friday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number.

Next Week: MARION. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 8 and 26

A Portrait of Hope

By P. A. Price

I CLAIMS you takes chances, sometimes you makes a getaway, and again you gets gypped. I ain't saying that we shouldn't help a friend if he's in bad, but always have your getaway framed and a piece of fall money in your kick, for you never knows just how things is going to break.

But when I restores Hooch to his girl and his friends I does something I never regrets. Hooch ain't made for yegging no more than I am for sitting in at a church sociable. As Tommy the Yegg expresses it, we are all "creatures of our environment," which means, he says, that if you're used to table linen with your eats you never gets used to oilcloth. I don't see no use in being too finicky, tho I admits to sleeping better on the floor of a box car than in a regular bed.

Hooch joins on with us at Roodhouse, Ill. There was only three of us in the mob at the time, Tommy the Yegg, New Castle Slim and me. He comes on us

I Asks the Doc, as Man to Man, If I'm Dolled Up Right for the Doings.

in the jungles, where he was waiting for a "diser" to come thru, which we figures on holding down into K. C., and was a-trying to get a nap so as to be in shape for an all-night ramble on the rattler.

We was just about asleep when this fellow I'm telling you about drops in on us and sits down alongside of Slim. We ain't none too sociable with strangers for you never knows who you're mixing with. This "entertaining angels unawares" stuff is all right, but it's more apt to be an elbow looking for a pinch. As I says, we're careful, and this guy being so free and easylike, kind of makes us leary.

Slim sits up and gives him the up and down. "Which way, 'bo?" he asks him.

"Do you mean which way am I going?" says our visitor.

"Just that," says Slim, "and as it's getting on toward evening, I suggests you keep moving!" and Slim stands up, the guy still sitting there cool and calm.

He looks at Slim easylike, and says: "I was thinking I might be invited to join on with this little party, the destination and mode of travel being immaterial!"

This was a new kind of a deal to us and we looks to Tommy for dope on future activities, Tommy being able to make a lot of stuff that's too deep for us. So Tommy gets up and comes over to the gink, who maybe sees trouble ahead, for he stands up, too.

"What's the big idea?" says Tommy. "Is it regular for a guy to horn his way into a crowd and invite the attention of an assemblage as you have done? Do you know," says Tommy, as he frisks the guy's coat-pockets, "that it's contrary to all rules of etiket"—and here he frisks the gink's vest-pockets—"for a gentleman to invite himself"—here he makes a pass to see if the gazabo has a gat—"into the sacred and inviolate precincts of a gentleman's gathering place"—here he feels him over for a shiv—"without the formality of an introduction? I'm asking you," says Tommy, as he inspects the junk he's lifted off the lob.

The guy grins. He's a big mutt, and Tommy should have known better. "Well," says he, still grinning, "I admits"—and here he lands a punch in Tommy's slats—"that a breach of etiket has been committed"—and here he hands Tommy a drive in the pantry—"but I considered the gathering to be rather informal"—and he plants one in Tommy's eye—"and that good people don't need an introduction, nohow," and with this he puts our little friend down and out with what looks like an easy one on the point of the jaw.

It was all over in a pair of minutes, but Tommy takes the full count and then some, and when he come to he wants to know if the engine hit him or if it was the caboose. "It was an awful wreck," says Tommy, trying to sit up, "the cries of the dead and wounded was heartrending," says Tommy, and then he sees the guy kind of smiling as he rolls a pill.

"Did you say something about wanting to mingle with us?" says Tommy. The gink says he did. "You're elected," says Tommy. "I don't know who you are, or what you were, but you seem to be there with the rough stuff, and we need it from time to time. Slip us the makings," said Tommy, and after he's fixed up and has a wet rag to his lamp he shakes hands with the guy and gives him back his stuff, picking it off the ground where it went when the haymaker was handed out.

THERE'S something about the new fellow that makes you feel he's all right, and we all gets talking to him. He don't spill nothing about himself; and of course we don't ask no personal questions, tho Slim wants to know if he's wise to what he's getting in to if he joins on.

"It ain't," says Slim, "as if our little jaunts hither and yon was entirely aimless. We is all possessed of a yearning for travel, and gratifies it in a manner which might appear crude and barbaric to those who have a yin for sinful luxury. The poet guy says: 'As we journey thru life let us live by the way,' and in order to do that little thing we find it necessary to raise a little kale now and again. And as the small-town banks sometimes carry a little cash on hand over and above what the directors loan to themselves for speculation, we often and frequent avails ourselves of this hoarded surplus when it's possible to do so without attracting undue attention."

"I appreciate the situation," says the new guy, "and tho I regrets the fact that my early training did not include the detail and technique of safe-cracking I have always maintained that a man of ordinary intelligence may become proficient in many lines of endeavor to which he had previously given slight consideration. There are, no doubt, several and sundry features connected with this—er—industry with which I must become familiar, but I feels I have made no mistake in the selection of able instructors."

Say, to hear him and Slim and Tommy pulling that line of chatter you'd think they was all professors in some knowledge box, and all I can do is give it to you the best I can, not being there with the flossy talk like I should. I don't know where Tommy and Slim gets it, for they're both blowed-in-the-glass stiffs, but they can sure pull the language in some swell manner.

Tommy wants to know if the new guy is wise to the patter of the broad highway. "You see," says Tommy, "sometimes you gets in with a bunch of hard-boiled eggs, and if your language shows lack of culture you might be mistook for a gay-cat, or even for a blanket-stiff. Of course your looks is a fair alibi, but it's best to avoid the appearances and mannerisms of those who are not all they should be. So now, when I asks you if you can batter the stoops for a handout, or could you frame a getaway if you was vagged on the main drag by a harness bull, I'm only a asking you to get a line on what you needs in the matter of education.

The new gink is awful willing to wise up, and it's a pleasure to teach him. He don't see no sense in some of the things we tells him, and I admits he's right at that, but if the proper name for a mush-faker is "mush-faker," and for white-line is "white-line," there ain't no come-back; you takes it or you leaves it alone.

Slim explains the difference between a dookie, a poke-out, and a set-down.

"You see," says Slim, "you slams the gate and batters the stoop. Maybe it's a Jane answers the rap. You does the polite with the lid and pulls your spiel. Maybe she falls, maybe she don't. If she does fall, and passes out a row of eats wrapped up in a paper you gets what you calls a 'dookie.' If she's a good-natured doll, and you ain't made her leary of you she may pass out the scoffings on a platter, and you eats it on the porch and calls it a 'poke-out.'

"But if she's an old lady and has a couple of boys the chances are you gets invited in, especially if you're dolled up a bit. Then you throws the feet under the mahogany and gets a 'set-down.' I usually gets set-downs," says Slim, "being popular with the ladies, and then I has to ask for a dookie for my less fortunate companions," he says, pointing at Tommy and me.

"Once there was a guy who kept on hating himself like you do," says Tommy, "and he died from it. Have a care, you Pennsylvania snow-bird!" he says.

Before long we hears our rattler giving the yard whistle, so we lines up to glaum her, all of us decking a freezer and riding out on top thru the marshes and swamps which stretch out between there and the old Mississippi. It was late when we got into Louisiana, midnight when we pulls into Mexico, and we goes into K. C. on a thru string of pullmans from St. Louis.

Them was the good old days in K. C.; the town being wide open and the bulls having no great care what you does unless there's too much of a squeal made to the higher-ups. But a boob's a boob, and there's always ways of making them get the right point of view. Slim and Tommy takes a hand at jack-rolling, it being fairly easy pickings and safe as all outdoors, but I never fancies that particular gift and preferring to use other means.

We gets a monicker for our new friend soon after landing. Not knowing if he likes his tea or not, Tommy asks him if he ever drinks anything.

"Not if I can get it down any other way," he says. "I've been foolish about my booze for some time," he says, "and it's to hooch I owes the pleasure of traveling with you jobbies." Tommy passes me the eye at that, for it's in line with how he frames the guy being on the road, and we calls him "Hooch" after that.

ONE day he asks me where the City Hospital is, and will I steer him up there. It seems he had a bad bruise on his head which he gets before joining on with us, and it ain't a healing up

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right. The young doc looks him over—and doesn't do any too much of a job at it—and boils it out with something or other, and tells Hooch to climb on the wagon for a stretch and give it a chance to get well. Hooch says he will, and does stay sober for three or four days, and the cut heals up pretty good. I don't think nothing of it at the time, for any guy's liable to get a bump or two once in a while, especially if he's hitting freights.

Finally Tommy says it's time for us to drill, and we floats up to Omaha and out thru Nebraska. Pickings is pretty good, and we don't have to hustle to get along. Hooch is a big guy, and when he looms up in the doorway of a car with a gat in one mitt and his kelly in the other, most everybody gets the rumble and comes across pretty and fine.

But Hooch ain't bugs for the game. He don't know what fear is, and I've seen him take a shiv away from guys who would have gypped him in a minute with half a chance, but he's always kind of sad about it afterward.

"It ain't right," he tells us. "Those guys works hard for their bundle, and here we comes along and nicks them for the whole roll. It ain't right, I knows it ain't right," and then he passes his hand over his head like he was trying to brush something away.

Tommy and Slim and me never looks at it much that way. As I says before, if I don't get it some one else will. I gets trimmed often enough myself by some wiser gink than I am, and if they can trim me and get away with it it's my look-out; I should have been more hep to the plant. Tommy always says it is a case of "the survival of the fittest," whatever that means.

But it ain't always happy days. More than once we gets vagged and does a stretch in some hoose-gow. Hooch is always on the job and going strong in such cases. Say, you'd think the big jobbie was a mouth-piece to hear him talk to the stiffs. He pulls all kinds of chatter about haebus corpus, and writs, and pronouncements and a whole lot of bunk I never hears about, and as often as not we gets a cash bail and beats it out. Of course we always has money for such raps.

But we sure gets our bumps one day in a town in Kansas. It was along in the afternoon when we unloads, not aiming to stop off at all. But we gets ditched on a hot-box and there's nothing to do but hit the grit. As luck would have it there's a bunch of hicks hanging around the station and we don't see 'em till it's to late.

There's four of us, and about fifteen in the gang, all husky young fellows. We starts down the track the other way, but it don't do us no good.

"Hey! You bums, come here!" they sings out, and throws a shot from a gat into the side of a car over our heads. We keeps on going, not saying a word, and another shot comes along, a little bit closer.

"We'd better stop," says Tommy, "but I don't like the looks of things." Hooch is for getting busy with our gats, but Tommy says we'd get in bad, worse than ever. Another shot comes our way, and I notices another and a bigger bunch of yaps coming up to meet us.

We stays where we are, and the two gangs come up, hooting and yelling and firing revolver shots in the air. In the lead is a big mutt and he strides up bold as brass.

"Don't you know we don't allow no tramps in this town?" he says, giving us the up and down. The gang gathers around pretty close.

I tells him we didn't aim to stop off, and we didn't know about the rule, and we wasn't tramps.

"What are you, then?" he says sarcasticlike, "Eastern tourists aiming to invest in Kansas real estate?"

"Let him rave," says Tommy, who shoots off his mouth too much at times. "We ain't a going to hurt your little town, and nobody'd miss it if we took it with us!"

That was foolish stuff for Tommy to pull, and it made the gang mad. The ring-leader sputters around like a wet dog.

"Let's give 'em the run!" yells one of the yaps, and the whole crowd yells "Come on, boys! We'll give 'em the run!"

I gets a kind of cold feeling, and I notices Tommy and Slim don't look any too cheered up at the prospect. Hooch don't know what's coming and is putting up a good front. He starts to say something, but Tommy gives him the eye and he stops.

The leader of the bunch notices him then, and bellies up to him. "You got something to get off your mind, too?" he asks him, sneering up in Hooch's map. Hooch kind of smiles, sticks out his mit, and grabs the gink by the arm. I don't know just what he does, but Mr. Yap goes straight up in the air and comes down on his nob.

It was bum stunt number two, for the next minute Hooch gets beaned with a club and goes down and out. The rest of us tries to start something, but it's three of us now against about fifty, and we're laid out in no time.

The next thing we know the four of us is lined up in front of what goes by the name of the City Hall, and the gang was lined up in two rows, with every yap of them holding a club of some kind.

The big mutt comes up again, but he stays away from Hooch. "Now," he says, "you bums are going to get out of this town, just as fast as you can, and we're going to help you on your way! One! Two! Three! Go!"

We went, running the only way there was to run, and that was down the line between the two rows of clubs, and every guy taking as many licks at us as he can. I won't go into details—you can size the thing up yourself, and you'll miss the cowardly cruelty of it at that. And these husky farmer boys are called "the backbone of the country!" Great doing for them to boast about afterward. Sure, we had our gats; we could have croaked a dozen of the hicks if we'd made a stand, but where would we get off! A necktie party inside of twenty-four hours, with "an outraged countryside" given a clean bill of health.

WE didn't run much after we reached the end of the block; we was winded and pretty well battered up. Everybody seemed to know what had happened and we could see women and kids in the windows, looking out as we drags along. The kids laughed, but the women didn't; they had those cowards for sons and husbands, and it ain't no joke to live with men like that.

Down near the end of the main stem we turns a corner, and bumps into three girls standing in front of a house. We came on them so sudden they can't make a getaway and stands huddled up to the fence as we passes. They seems scared to death, for we were sure one hard-looking bunch. I guess we'd drilled past about fifty feet when I hears one of them calling to us.

"Mister," she says, "you men! Wait a minute!"

I looks around, and one of them was giving us the high-ball to back up. The other fellows hear her, and we goes back, none of us caring much what was to come next.

There was only two of the girls there when we gets back, the third one beating it out. Both of the two was crying, with their eyes full of tears, and they holds the gate open and leads us around to the back of the house, where there's a big porch with a lot of benches and

"It Was an Awful Wreck!" Says Tommy, Trying to Sit Up.

cushions and things. The oldest of the two tells us to sit down, and she and the little kid goes into the house and comes out in a minute with an armful of towels and a big basin of water.

We just sat there, too much down and out to do anything, and say, what do you think? Those little women comes over to us and washes the blood off our heads and hands and doing it as gentle-like and kind as if we were kids.

We're too stupid, as I says, to do anything at first but just sit there panting, but the cold water and the gentle hands of those little misses sure did feel good and freshened us up something wonderful. I never knew they made women like that before; I never had no folks, so I guess I've missed a lot.

When we're dolled up and rested a bit the girls bring us big pitchers of milk and doughnuts and cookies and things, and we sure eats hearty till we can't hold no more.

The girls don't ask no questions; they just talk nice to us. Tommy starts to tell them how it happens, but the oldest says she knows and is sorry, but there's good people in the town as well as bad ones. Slim says yes, and there's angels, too, and she just smiles, with the weeps in her eyes. Man, if there's any heaven like you hear the Salvation Army touting up as a good bet it's sure full of women like those girls; they don't have many like 'em anywhere else.

I notices Hooch is awful quiet, not that he's a noisy guy at any time, but it seems he's hurt more than by just being beat-up. I kind of figures he's sore at himself for getting in bad like this. He's different from us yeggs, even tho he's as hard as any of us; he's had a bringing up of some kind and a education, and while we gets mad at being beat up, he feels what you call "hurt."

I can't just explain it, but any dick will tell you what I mean. If they're slipping a little rough stuff to a guy to make him squeal or come across, the regular gun takes it as a part of the game, but a guy who is innocent, or ain't a regular, takes it different.

Hooch keeps looking in the window facing on the porch, so I takes a slant to see what's on his mind. All I sees is a girl's picture laying on top of some ribbons and things on a table, but it's what Hooch is gazing at. He seems to be worried over the picture, keeps looking and passing his hand over his head like he was trying to bring something to his mind but can't cut it. A couple of times his face lights up like he gets a hunch about something, but it's just a flash and don't make him anything, and he gets more worried-looking than ever.

Finally he asks the girl if he can look at the picture, and she brings it out to him. It's a photograph of a swell looking lady, and across the bottom is written: "A Picture of Hope!" Hooch asks the girl where she got it, and she says her sister found it on the railroad track a few days before, it probably being lost by someboby out of a car window. She says Hooch can have it if her wants to, and it's a wonder to see the way his face lights up when she tells him it's his. He puts it in his pocket careful as can be, and we see there's tears in his eyes that don't come from the beating he got.

The girls come back with some more eats, all wrapped up, and some nice clean rags and a bottle of liniment. The oldest one, who's been doing all the talking says we'll be sore and stiff in the morning, and the liniment stuff will come in handy, and it sure does.

We starts to leave, and Tommy makes a little speech. "I ain't much on talking to ladies like you," he says, but I've got it to say that we're sure grateful. I had it all fixed up to make a bonfire of this burg tonight," he says, "but it won't be done. There won't be no medals hung on you for what you did for a bunch of bums," he says, "but every one of us will remember it to the last day, and be all the better for it. We'd like it a whole lot if you'd shake

hands with us, and wish us luck like we wishes it to you."

They does that little thing; shakes hands all around and wishes us well, and we beats it out, feeling more like men again. The last we sees of them is the little girl waving her hand at us as we drills down the road.

We makes a camp out in the sticks of a few miles from the burg, and sure puts in a fierce time for a few days, getting the kinks out of our systems. We was as sore as if we'd rolled down every step of the Washington monument, but all of us comes out pretty good except Hooch. He gets well and strong, but he don't seem just right; there's something on his mind. None of us asks him anything about the picture, for it's none of our funeral, and I guess every man has something hid away in his kick as a soovenir of other days.

Finally we gets started again, but the pep is kind of knocked out of us for a while and we takes it easy, hitting it out for Denver and stopping over in Cheyenne where we cleans up pretty good at faro and roulette and craps by not doing any playing ourselves but by sticking up the joint. There's more chance of doing good for yourself that way; the bones and the little ball have an uncertain way of rolling, but a couple of gats will usually bring home the bacon.

DENVER lights burned pretty bright for us for several weeks, and for a wonder, I does good at poker, so good we thinks we'll organize to sell a gold mine. All that it takes is a sucker-list and a nice bunch of green and gold shares of stock. Nobody ever bothers about having a mine, and besides, if you did have a mine, you wouldn't be foolish enough to sell it. I guess all that keeps us from being financiers is Hooch getting sick and having to go the hospital.

You remember I tell you about him getting the dome looked over in K. C.? Well, he lives pretty high in Denver; booze and general rough-stuff, and one day he goes down-and-out. None of us is with him at the time, but some jobbie sees him being took to the city hospital, and tells Tommy about it.

As I say, we're all well fixed, so we takes him out of the city dump and puts him where he'll have more attention, and one of us is on the job as often as they'll let us, and as he always seemed to take to me, I hangs round pretty much of the time.

He was pretty bad for a while; unconscious most of the time, but as soon as he gets back to his sense, he recognizes me, and tells me to bring his clothes so he can get the girl's picture. His duds had been taken care of all right, so I finds the photo in his pocket, and brings it to him. He looks at it a long time, and then he tells me about it.

It seems that he had lived in a town somewheres near Chicago, and was a regular fellow. He had done a stretch in a law school and they turned him out all fixed up as a mouth-piece, with pretty red ribbons and a gold seal on the documents. He lived with an aunt, his folks being dead a long time, but they'd fixed him up to come into a bunch of kale when he got to be about thirty, said frog-skins to be his if he'd made something of himself by that time.

But he had a taste for booze. It ran in the family like a wooden leg, and he thought that was why his folks had put the age limit on his collecting the pile, thinking if he kept away from the demon rum till he was that old he'd never have no great yin for it later on. And he kept away pretty good; in fact, he said he'd never really been lit up until just a short time before he joins on with us.

He had a girl, and the wedding bells was to tear loose at an early date. The girl was the one in the picture, and her first name was "Hope." He was practicing law, all right; coming along pretty fair for a beginner, with his friends handing him a job whenever they could. Then he gets a streak of bad luck; losing one case after another till he gets afraid to do anything, for it seems everything he tackles gets the skids slipped to it and goes on the toboggan.

Now, when things is coming soft for a guy, and all of a sudden they turns the other way, it brings out what's in him, and in Hooch there was a desire to mop up all the booze there was in the neighborhood. He proceeds to do this to a fare-you-well, going down, down, down till he gets hanging around the barrel houses and his friends pass him up. Then one night a guy hands him some rough talk, and he beans the mutt with a beer bottle and beats it out of the dump.

Just as he gets out of the joint, staggering along, a glare of light from an auto catches him fair and square, and as he blinks at the light, the car stops and his girl opens the door and comes toward him. Then he hears the girl give a scream and fall down, and her driver jumps out and runs to pick her up, and Hooch runs, too, but just as he starts, something hits him over the head and he goes down and out.

He don't know nothing until the next morning, when he wakes up in a box car, and finds all his own clothes gone, and a bunch of somebody's duds alongside him. The train is rattling along so he can't get off, and he goes to sleep again, and when he does finally hit the grit he finds himself in the East St. Louis yards.

He finds a couple of dollars in the clothes, and he also finds he's got a nasty cut on his head. He picks out a cheap flop, washes up, gets his scoffings and goes over to St. Louis and gets a home-town paper. It cheers him up a lot to read that he's set down as dead; cut all to pieces by a freight train in the yards of his home town. He dopes it out that the guy who rolled him for his clothes took all the other things and then got run over and was identified as him by their finding the papers and junk on the body. And he also reads that his aunt, who was in bad health at the time, is dead from the shock, and that his girl was all broken up.

All around, the poor lob is in pretty bad, but he says he felt that it didn't make no difference—felt kind of nutty someway or other, and he goes out and gets soused, then gets vagged, does a stretch in the Works, and when he gets out he hits the road, and soon he meets up with us.

It's sure enough some yarn, tho I don't get it all at once on account of the nurse not letting him talk very much. But I gets it all in a few days, and wants him to wise me up some more so I can wire his friends. But there's nothing stirring, not one little thing, and he won't tell me what his town is, or nothing about his friends and when I tells him what he ought to do, he gets sore and the nurse ties a can on my coming around for a week.

I gets Tommy to stick around, but I promised Hooch not to say anything, so I can't wise Tommy up to the plant. And all I've got to go on is the name of a photographer, which happens to be on the picture, but that's all—no name of a town or anything but the photographer's name and what the girl wrote on it herself. But I thinks I can make it at that.

Before I gets busy I has a talk with the head of the hospital, and he tells me Hooch has something pressing on his brain, a "blood clot," he calls it, and that they'd fixed it up so it wouldn't bother him no more. The doc asks me if I'd ever noticed anything out of the way with my friend, and I tells him about Hooch rubbing his head like he was trying to think up something and couldn't get it across.

In fairness to Hooch, I tells the doc that tho the guy's traveling with a mob, I don't think he's no real yegg, tho he does take to the rough-stuff pretty good. The doc says Hooch won't do no more rubbing of the head, and the chances are he won't take no more interest in yegging, for a part of the trouble the blood clot causes is a "suspension of moral faculties." That ain't my patter—I'm just telling what he pulled on me, and it means, so the doc says, that Hooch didn't have no clear idea of right from wrong. I tells the doc I ain't got no blood clot, and I'm out for anything, and he says the trouble with me is that I'm a chump, and no operation will do my kind any good. I kind of think the guy's right at that.

As I said, all I've got to go on is the photographer's name, and which might be a favorite one for map-makers all over the country. If I was looking for a Boston store, or a New York store, I'd look for it in the middle west, but this picture proposition had me guessing right. But Hooch's home being near Chi, as he says, there ought to be a chance of locating the photographer near there.

The card the picture's mounted on has a funny kind of a border to it, so I goes to some of the studios in Denver and describes it, so they're able to tell me what dealer turns 'em out. The name on the card is "Carson" so I wires the card people, asking for the address of their customer of that name.

Pretty soon the wire comes back saying they have two customers named Carson; one in some town in North Carolina and the other in Seattle. I takes

(Continued on Page 18.)

Do You Want $200 a Week?

The Amazing Story of Carl Rowe Who Rose From An Income of $50 a Week To $1,000 a Month

My name is Rowe—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.

Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made $876 during my spare time, and was able to put $200 a week in my savings account.

I am going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but we couldn't afford that.

It made me desperate to think what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theatre, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I had worked hard eight hours a day for $50 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket and next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded beyond any dream I may have had two years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company are one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats on the market, but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock. All he does is to take orders for Comer raincoats and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

* * *

If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write The Comer Manufacturing Company at Dayton, Ohio. Simply sign the attached coupon and they will send you the eight-page booklet referred to by Mr. Rowe and full details of their remarkable proposition.

Mail This Coupon at Once

THE COMER MFG. CO.,

Dept. B-190, Dayton, Ohio.

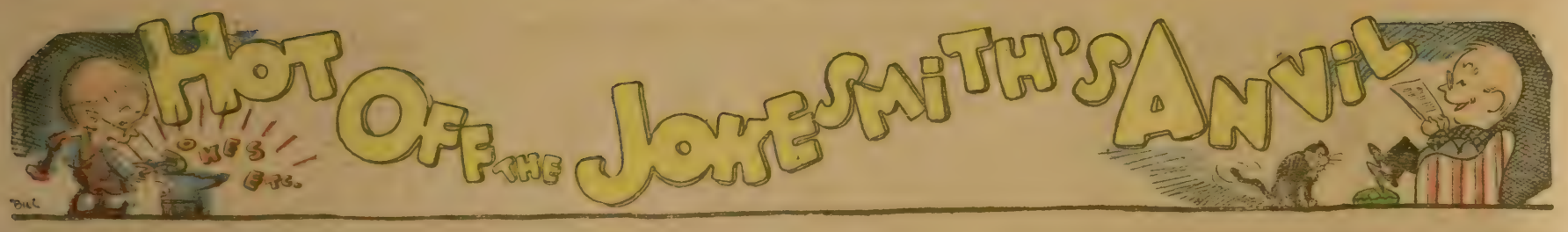
Gentlemen:

Please send me, without obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

.....



WOULD RISK IT AGAIN

HE WAS a very affable tramp.

"How do you do, mum?" he said. "You don't remember me?"

"No, I don't," said the thin-lipped housewife.

"I passed thru here a little while ago and you set the dog on me."

"Ah, yes—I remember now."

"Yes, mum—and as I cleared your fence I met a little man who gave me half a dollar. He said that it was worth that to find out that it wasn't safe for him to go home just then. He's coming down the road now, mum. Would you mind setting the dog on me again?"

Uncle Jim and the Wolves.

Uncle Jim was telling hero stories connected with himself to his young nephew. "We had more than a mile to go," he said, "when we heard the howls of a pack of wolves behind us. I strained every nerve, but all in vain. I could hear their panting breath, and at last I felt their muzzles touching me, when——"

"You must have felt glad, uncle," broke in the boy.

"Glad?" inquired the amazed uncle. "Why?"

"When you found they had their muzzles on," explained the nephew.

In Luck.

"Friend," said Cactus Joe to the stranger in Crimson Gulch, "you have held four of a kind three times, a royal flush twice an' several ace fulls."

"Lucky, I call it."

"You're luckier than you think. The boys here is willin' to let you go your way intact provided you start immediate. There won't be any gun-play unless you linger. The big luck fur you is the fact that you happened to pick 'Safety-first' week for your performance at this here card table."

That's Different.

"What's all the row?"

"It's a two-family house."

"That need not cause such a continuous disturbance."

"Ah, but it is occupied by a young married couple and their parents, her family and his."

CAUGHT ON THE RUN

PRIVATE BANKS had been the most bashful and retiring little man in the Army. When women visited the camp he had always fled for shelter and stayed there until after they had left. So it came as a surprise when one of his former companions came across him in civilian garb and was introduced to a large, husky girl as Mrs. Banks.

When he was able to get Banks aside, he asked him how he had met his wife.

"Well," returned the little man meekly, "it was this way. I never did exactly meet her. She just kinder overtook me."

Bright Newsboy.

Newsboy—Buy Edgar Guest's latest book, sir?

Gentleman—No. I am Edgar Guest himself.

Newsboy—Well, buy the "Man in Lower Ten." You ain't Mary Roberts Rinehart, are you?

SOLID IVORY

"Why do we permit Paris to dictate our fashions?"

"We wouldn't dare make the kind of clothes we like to wear, so we pay Paris a little extra for taking the blame."

Privileged.

Little Harry—I wish I were you, uncle.

Uncle (who has been invited to dinner)—Why do you wish that, sonny?

Little Harry—Because they don't punish you when you eat with your knife.

Then She Fired the Maid.

"Oh, I worry so when I think of my 30th birthday."

"But why does Madam think of such sad memories?"

Elijah's Ascension.

Little Eddie was absorbed in a picture of Elijah going to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Pointing to the halo about the prophet's head, Eddie exclaimed: "See, father, he is carrying an extra tire."

Less Expensive.

"Edith says she would rather dance than eat."

"Well, she'll find plenty of men who would rather sign a dance program than a dinner check."

Substitute for Word "Obey."

Well, so a gaffer of our acquaintance thinks, you might as well omit "obey" from the marriage service. The closest the young folks get to it, he says, is "Oh, boy!"

Compensation.

Husband—Ah, when I think of the old days! Then I could have goose at table!

Wife—But, Fritz, you have me!

Right at His Heels.

"Is your heart bowed down, my brother?" asked the sympathetic soul.

"Yes," said the discouraged citizen. "My jinx is still following me around."

"Nonsense! There is no such thing as a jinx."

"Yes, there is. Every time I stop and listen I can hear the blamed thing's claws scratching on the pavement."

THE GENTLE HINT

AN EDITOR hit upon the following ingenious method of jogging the memories of delinquent subscribers to his paper:

"There is a little matter that $ome of our ubcriber$ have $eemingly forgotten entirely. $ome of them have made u$ many promi$e$, but have not kept them. To u$ it i$ a very important matter—it'$ nece$$ary in our bu$ine$$. We are very mode$t and don't like to $peak about $uch remi$$ne$$."

A Heavy Stockholder.

"Do you remember the old-fashioned revival where we used to sing, 'Life Is Like a Mountain Railroad?'"

"Quite well," replied Mr. Dubwaite, with a reminiscent smile. "And I used to gather from what the preacher said that Satan was drawing most of the dividends."

In Boston.

"Sir, could you give me the wherewithal to purchase a meal?"

"You should not be begging."

"I do not wish to discuss ethical questions. Make it the price of a bean sandwich."

He got it.

THE DOOR-TENDER

WHEN the general inspected an artillery outfit of colored negro soldiers in France he was struck by the snappy neatness and soldierly bearing of one particular member of a gun team.

"What are your duties, soldier?" queried the commander-in-chief.

"I'se de doah tender to de Swasohng Kans," the lad replied.

"And what is that?" the general asked him.

"Why, I jus' opens de little doah in back o' de gun, and Rastus here throws a shell in and de corporal pulls de lonyard."

"Then what do you do?"

"We jus' drops back and say: 'Kaiser, count yo' soldiers.'"

A SAD WEEK

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
SUN.
He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had little
MON.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues;
I've nothing here but ones and
TUES."
A bright thought struck him and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldbricks I will
WED."
But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
THUR."
"Alas!" said he, "then I must die!
I'm done! I'll drown! I'll burn! I'll
FRI."
They found his gloves and coat and hat;
The coroner upon them
SAT.

The Right Answer.

A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young, mute bird to say "Hello!" in one lesson. Going up to the cage, he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot paying not the slightest attention. At the final "Hello!" the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man, and snapped out, "Line's busy."

As It Appeared to Her.

"And did you see the Statue of Liberty when you were in New York, dear?"

"The Statue of Liberty!" answered the child. "Oh, you mean the big lady holding up the ice cream cone."

FATAL IN MOST CASES

BONAR LAW proceeded to illustrate his point by telling the story of a Highlander who was lying ill in the last stages of exhaustion in a hospital, and asked that some one play for him on the bagpipes. The nurse had a warm heart, explains a foreign correspondent of a Toronto paper, and brought a piper into the room to play his entrancing music. The Highland soldier recovered. But other patients in the hospital all died.

Fast Work.

"Do you think a term of office ought to be longer?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "They put a man in office and let him out so quick that his experience doesn't seem like much more than an excursion to Washington, with a part of his expenses paid."

Dish on the Side.

Waiter—Will you have something with your dinner, sir?

Banker—Yes, that little blond over in the corner.

Beating the Band.

"Was the dance music written by one of the men in the orchestra?"

"No, by a man that understands music."

His Teacher's Threat.

Said the stern young woman teacher: "Tommy, if you cannot behave yourself I shall have to take your name."

Outside, Tommy confided to a chum: "My teacher's threatened to marry me if I don't look out."

New Set with Solid Comfort Morris Rocker

Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this positively sensational furniture bargain—Straus & Schram's newest offer—on 30 days trial. An entire roomful of furniture—6 splendid pieces, fumed solid oak—**including a wonderfully luxurious and comfortable reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest and adjustable back**—at a slashed price that is positively sensational when you consider the value, the usefulness and the supreme comfort of this set. A few months ago a set like this would have cost you $45.00. But now, because the factory needed money and we had the cash, we are able to offer you this complete set, 6 splendid pieces, at only $33.80, and on easy payments of only $3.00 a month — less than you can duplicate this set for elsewhere, even if you paid spot cash. Get this special price, special terms, and special comfort. Seize this opportunity and our special offer—we take all the risk.

30 Days Trial—Only $3.00 a Month

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish — the fine upholstery and graceful lines which lend character to all the pieces. Enjoy the solid comfort and rest that only a Morris rocker will give, with foot-rest and adjustable back extended, affording every possible comfort of a couch. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter, more beautiful and more luxurious. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price — **even for spot cash.** Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain — you alone to judge — return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $3.00 a month until you have paid $33.80—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them while you enjoy the proud ownership of so magnificent a set of furniture including a luxurious and unusually comfortable full reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest. A full year to pay — at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one fritters away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets which we reserve for this acquaintance offer to new customers. We send our complete catalog when we ship the set. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit, no C. O. D.**

A Room Full of Furniture

6 Pieces Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, full weathered brown fumed oak. Four pieces are pretzel seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

Morris Rocker has the real comfort giving features of the Morris chair and couch, as well as the additional advantages of a rocker. The back is adjustable to 3 positions, affording great comfort and luxury. Foot rest can be extended or hidden entirely under seat. Seat measures 20 x 20 inches, width of back 27 inches, height of back from seat 28 inches. Arms 4 inches wide.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17½ in. Height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth, operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Library Table — a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs, with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2-inch stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 28½ x 34 inches.

Reception Chair has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17 x 17 inches, height 37 inches.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ inches high, the top 12 x 12 inches.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 250 pounds.

Order by No. B7340A. $1.00 with coupon, $3.00 a month, price $33.80.

Get this Offer—Send NOW!

Don't delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial — we take all the risk — costs you nothing if not satisfied — no obligation. Send coupon today — NOW.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Sent upon request, with or without order.

Straus & Schram, Department 3539 Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3539 Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set I will pay $3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set No. B7340A. $33.80.

*Name*_____

*Street, R. F. D. or Box No.*_____

*Shipping Point*_____

*Post Office*_____ *State*_____

If you only want catalog put X in box below.

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

A Madonna of the Pines

(Concluded From Page 5)

"Well, Berthy, who'd a thought it?" he said quietly.

"Won't you come along with me?" she asked.

They walked along towards her home in awkward silence. When they approached the house little David spied his mother and ran out to meet her.

"This is our boy, Tom," she said, speaking quickly and furtively watching his face. "Ain't you proud to be his father? Ain't you willing now to go with me to the county seat? See, I've a good home. All this here is mine—I have got money in the bank, too! Tom, won't you marry me now?"

Tom Burch had had a run of hard luck. The cards and dice conspired to wring from him not only his ill-gotten gains, but his honorably acquired wages. He was broke, hungry, and homeless. It seemed as if at last his luck was due to change. He would pursue the subject further.

"You kin just bet I will, Berthy," he assured her. "Fact is, I had it in mind all the time. And this is our boy, eh? He sure is a cute little feller. But we can't go until tomorrow—and Berthy, I ain't flush. Down an' out, as it were, but I think somethin' to eat would jest about hit me right."

Into Bertha's face flashed the radiance of hope—hope so long deferred. But at the same time there came over her a loathing for this brute with whom she must spend the remainder of her life. But her boy, their child—his claim came first. His rights must be considered, not hers. She passively led the way into the house. She must feed this man, pet him, cajole him, do anything in order to obtain a marriage certificate. She must not lose her chance, for marry him she must.

Tom Burch followed her into the house. Back into her own room, she led him away from the haunts of the regular boarders. Bertha was very proud in her own way. She had progressed, too, and had the added respect which comes from having "money in the bank." Once proud of being called "Mis' Burch," she was now ashamed of the man she wanted to marry. Sick of heart and faint of spirit, she nevertheless must carry out her purpose. How different her life could have been, had she not waited for this chance to make good for her son's sake? But she must not weaken now. The anticipation of years was about to be realized—but she was utterly miserable. She busied herself getting him something to eat and returned with a tray heaped with food. He gave a grunt of satisfaction, and ate it greedily.

"So this is where yer live? But it ain't all yourn, is it?" he asked.

She nodded her head. She could not keep the pride of possession out of that nod. "Yes, this is all mine. An' I worked hard fer it, too."

This was simply said, but back of the few words and the proud lifting of the head was blood and fire, the consciousness of years of grueling labor. Rising at 4 in the morning, cooking for twelve men, washing the dishes, scrubbing floors—tending a fretful baby, often, too, in the night hours, when sleep laid almost a compelling hand on her, all of which duties made up the daily program day after day. Besides which, she looked after her big family when they happened to be ill, all with the aid of one servant. In all the five years' time she had not taken one holiday. But with the work had come a reward in the form of independence, and the love and confidence of these men for whom she toiled, and the ever increasing love for her little boy, who stood now finger in mouth, curiously regarding his father.

The next day, David was left in the care of the servant, while Bertha and Tom journeyed to the county seat. With a full stomach and a good bed and the prospect of a fairly well-to-do wife, Tom had regained somewhat his old debonair manner. The slouch was gone from his walk, while his voice had gained in tone. He all but swaggered as he left the train at the county seat.

They went at once to a nearby wagon-yard and obtained lodgings. A wagon-yard in the Texas pine country is a harking back to the caravansary of Eastern countries. It is a place of gathering for farmers and stockmen and where they may have lodging near to their teams and stock as they go up to market.

The arrangements for lodging having been made, Tom Burch said: "All right, Berthy, I'll go git the license and the 'Jestice of the Peace,' but——" and he looked down at his soiled suit. "A man can't git married in these here things, can't ye gimme enough——"

Quickly she reached into the bosom of her dress for the roll of bills she had brought with her. There must be no obstacles in the way of carrying the program thru. He must be humored—but, oh, how she loathed him!

"How much d'ye want?"

"Oh, about fifty," he answered carelessly, believing the greedy look in his eyes.

She counted the money painfully twice. She alone knew the privation, the toil and sweat this money stood for. But a name for little David was worth all she possessed in the world.

With the money safe in his hand, Tom Burch departed up the hill towards the town. He passed a saloon. A drink or so would do a bridegroom no harm. While he drank, he displayed his roll with seeming negligence. He came to drink, but remained to gamble.

In a few hours, he returned to the anxious and miserable Bertha. He was drunk and penniless, and as he entered their room, Bertha knew from long experience with sawmill men, exactly what had happened. But hope was still alive.

"Where is the license, Tom, an' the 'Jestice of the Peace'?" She put a hand on his arm and looked into his drunken bloodshot eyes. Even the "Dutch courage" engendered by the whisky could not meet her gaze.

"He'll be along directly," he muttered, shifting his eyes. Then he caught her awkwardly around the waist. "Gimme some more money, honey. Lost all I had, but my luck's bound to turn. What d'ye say, Berthy?"

Bertha's very soul turned sick. But her boundless spirit was not yet down. And in the soft, cajoling voice one uses to a little child, she spoke to this drunken lout:

"An' ye didn't git the license, Tom, dear?" she asked.

"No, honey, I didn't, but come across with some money and I'll git it. But first I must git my revenge on them gamblers who stripped me."

She used every art of pleading known to her, urging him not to return to the saloon, but to let her go get the license, the "Jestice of the Pace" so they could get married.

But with the stubbornness of intoxication, he reiterated his firm resolve to return to the saloon. Then the patience of years gave way. With the urge of all the indignities and disgrace this man had heaped upon her, she lost her self control, and with a swing of her arm she slapped him full in the face.

This stinging rebuke upon the cheek sobered Tom Burch. And the alcoholic fumes that hitherto had fired his obstinacy, now kindled into flame all that was brute and savage in his nature. And the sum total of it was not small. He would not suffer the indignity of being struck in the face by a woman. He slapped back with all his strength. A slap from a husky wood sawyer is not the chivalrous bagatelle that in the days of old called for the unsheathing of swords in the duel of romance. Rather it was like a blow from the hand cased in the brass-garnished gloves of the old Japanese wrestlers.

Bertha fell beneath the blow. Then Tom caught her by the throat and made her face a bleeding pulp of bruises flesh. Throwing her to the floor insensible, he snatched the roll of bills from her bosom, and stamped gloomily forth, shutting the door behind him. No one had heard, because the adjoining rooms were not occupied at that hour.

BERTHA lay as she had fallen, until the hot summer sun beating full on her face, brought her back to consciousness. From a long way off, it seemed, the realization of what had passed, came back to her. She put her hand in her bosom. Her money was gone—and with it all hope of making good for her little boy. In one moment of temper, she had destroyed the dream of years—her son would now remain nameless forever. Perhaps, she could yet overtake Tom Burch.

Heedless of her bruised and battered face, her disheveled hair, she ran out of the house and up the hill toward the town. She was determined to find him. Looking neither to the right or left, and rushing along as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, she ran directly into the big, hulking frame of the mill foreman—Charlie Frederick. He was one of her boarders, whom she had nursed faithfully and well when he lay near to death from pernicious malaria. Charlie stared in utter surprise and bewilderment at the distrait woman. He asked no questions. The doings of another are a sealed book in the sawmill country, unless one opens the book himself.

Bertha looked up into the surprised countenance of the man who blocked her way—and then she caught hold of his arm with her trembling hands and blurted out all her pitiful tale—for the first time.

Stolidly the big Swede listened and when she had finished, he quietly said, "You bane hurt, Miss Bertha. You go back to the wagon yard. I go get this Tom Burch for you and see what is."

Without further parley Charlie turned toward the town and the bruised and injured woman went back to the lodging quarters minus all emotion—minus all feeling.

From Rufe Gordon in the First Chance saloon, Charlie Frederick learned that the man he sought was upstairs in the gambling room. He went up slowly and entered. Around the table were seated the owner of the place, a stranger, and three men, who worked under Charlie in the mill.

Walking quietly up to the stranger, he put a heavy hand on his shoulder, and turned him roughly around. "You bane Tom Burch?" he asked.

Burch looked up into the face of the Swede. He saw a pair of blue eyes that simmered with the fires of a great wrath. He felt the weight of the heavy hand as it trembled on his shoulder. A guilty fear came over him, but he could not lie with those eyes staring into his, if he had wanted to, so he answered gruffly, "Yes, that's my name—what about it?"

The Swede shifted his hold quickly from the shoulder to the neck. Then with a heave, he stood Burch upon his feet.

"Look here, fellers, you all know Miss Berthy," he said, speaking to the men from his own mill. "Well, this man bane loving with her. This morning he come here with her to marry, but he steals all her money and beats her up bad. She speak to me. She ask me for help, and by God, she'll git it!"

And in a simple way, but with the stuttering speech of great anger, he told Bertha's story. Long before he had finished, the room was full of men. To them a woman beater, or a man who shirks the moral obligation of parenthood, even if there be no legal tie, was beyond the pale. He was just a species of vermin of which the earth was well rid. But the Swede tempered their wrath with mercy.

They took Tom Burch outside the little town into the tangled woods that skirted the small river. Tying him to a tree, they beat him in turns with a rope until he broke the unwritten law of such functions by begging and howling for mercy. Then they let him go. Charlie Frederick, holding him by one ear, pointed to the sun, now almost down, and said, "Do you see the sun where he set?" and then thrusting his heavy face close to that of Burch's, he added, "You be there tomorrow."

The gamblers restored to Charlie the money they had won from Burch—and with it in his possession, he returned to the waiting Bertha. But not alone—along with him came the justice of the peace.

He found Bertha sitting dejectedly in the corner of the porch, secluded and shaded by a heavy mass of vines. Placing the roll of money in her hand, he said to the bewildered woman: "We bane going to marry. Here's the license and the justice to do it."

Like one in a stupor, Bertha stood up, went thru the ceremony, repeating the few words required of her at the bidding of the magistrate. When the rites had been completed, and the conventional congratulations uttered, she and Charlie were left alone. There was a silence—an awkward pause during which Bertha seemed to awaken to the situation. She had never thought—never realized that any man who knew the truth about her would want to marry her. Did Charlie really know; did he understand? She must be honest and straight with this man who had just married her. Placing a timid hand on her big husband's arm, she said, "Oh, Charlie, you have married me, an' Burch he is the father of Davie, my boy! We ain't never been married. David ain't got no name, an' that's why I wanted his father to marry me. Do you understand all that, Charlie?"

The big Swede looked fondly down at her. He understood perfectly, but he remembered only what this woman had done for him in the five years that he had known her. He did not see the bruised marks on her cheeks, nor the slit in her lip that distorted her face. He saw instead the face that had bent over him in his delirium from the fever—the woman who had nursed him carefully thru his protracted illness. Stooping awkwardly, he kissed her bruised cheek tenderly, and said:

"Never you mind, dear. That boy bane David Frederick now."

* * *

Tricks Not Needed in Business.

"PERMANENT business growth," says the founder of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the East, "is not the result of secrets or tricks. It can be acquired only by giving full value in your particular field.

"As a retail merchant, I learned across the counter in a way I could never forget, that a majority of people are pretty close buyers; they expect value; they recognize it when they get it; and they return for more of the goods that give good value.

"If business men would paste that in their hats, or write it on their cuffs, or print it on a card and stand it in front of them on their desks, there might be less nonsense about some far-to-seek secret of business success. There is no secret. Business is an exchange of value.

"You give products or service and you get money or its equivalent. In the long run, there is no way to get more by giving less."

* * *

True Sayings.

"THE love that causes two hearts to beat as one does not guarantee a continuous performance," wrote the late Edgar Saltus. He also made this true observation: "Life is packed with delights—which the majority of us never enjoy. The world is full of charming people—whom few of us ever meet."

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Bluff

(Concluded From Page 6)

say she's got something up her sleeve."

"Bosh!" returned Mr. Brill. "She couldn't have. But I don't want 'er cryin" all over my office, Jenkins. Gives me the willies. You'll have to keep 'er out, boy; just tell 'er I ain't in, y' know."

"I'll keep her out all right," promised Jenkins. "She'll never get past that door. But what I'm afraid of is that she'll spring something from the outside."

"But what," asked Mr. Brill, beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable in spite of himself, "could she have on me?"

"I can't imagine, sir. Were you ever in trouble—serious trouble, I mean? Anything you wouldn't want people to find out?"

"Why, back in nineteen hundred——" began Mr. Brill, then checked himself quickly. "No, Jenkins, no; I never done a thing I wouldn't want the whole earth to know about. Not a thing. Ha, ha! No, she ain't got nothin' on me."

"Still," went on the pessimistic Jenkins, "She's liable to start something—lies, of course, Mr. Brill—that will cause you a lot of trouble. If I may be allowed to suggest, Mr. Brill, my advice would be to try and—er—settle with her."

"Settle! Who, me? Not on your life, Jenkins. Whadda y' take me for? You just keep 'er out of my office. That's all you gotta do."

"Yes, sir," agreed Jenkins; "and if she gets too annoying I'll throw her out."

"And get arrested," cut in Mr. Brill. "No, you don't. You mean well, Jenkins; but we can't afford to do anything that'll get in the newspapers. Do more damage in a week than we could undo in ten years. No, you just put 'er off, like I say."

"But what harm could the newspapers do you?" asked Jenkins fatuously. "Seems to me it'd be a good way to get some free advertising."

"Advertising? Yes, indeed," sneered Mr. Brill. "But we don't want that kind of advertising. That's one thing I steer clear of, Jenkins—newspapers."

The man Jenkins went out. Mr. Brill settled back in his comfortable desk chair, put his feet on the plate glass top of his mahogany desk and lit a good cigar. He all but forgot Mrs. Wingle's impending arrival.

THREE days later a brisk, confident young man was shown into Mr. Brill's sanctum. In the outer office, when approached by Jenkins, he had proclaimed loudly and insistently that his business was of an important nature and that Mr. Brill would be glad to see him. So Jenkins had shown him in.

"Mr. Brill," the young man began brusquely, "I represent the Evening Star. A lady, a Mrs. Wingle, has called at our office and made a statement involving the integrity of yourself and your firm. She wishes us to publish it, Mrs. Wingle's husband, it seems, is a very close friend of our managing editor, and my chief is inclined to credit her story. However, before publishing it we should like to hear what you have to say about the matter. Do you care to talk for publication, Mr. Brill?"

Mr. Brill felt his body go hot and then cold. So that was her game. Expose him to the newspapers. That was the one thing he feared. Should the Evening Star publish her statement, other papers thruout the country, as newspapers have a habit of doing, would take it up, and then where would he be? Ruined, absolutely ruined. He could never weather publicity of that sort.

And suddenly Mr. Brill felt sick. He had no defense. If he tried to fight back that would get him into the courts, and put him in a still worse predicament. It would bring to light other activities, long past, that he did not wish to become public property. In such event he would have to go to another city, organize a new firm and perhaps change his name. All that would take time and money, a great deal of both. And Mr. Brill could ill afford that.

He made a desperate attempt at bravado. He laughed emptily.

"I don't care to talk. If your paper wants to publish lies go ahead and publish 'em. My firm is too old and too well known to fear that sort of thing."

"Very well, sir," said the caller, and rose to go. "But I am sorry you take that view of the matter. We should like to publish your statement also. And that little affair back in nineteen hundred——"

Mr. Brill half rose from his chair.

"What's she know about that?"

"Everything, it seems. At least she told a mighty straight story and made affidavit to it. We are investigating it now."

That was the last straw. Mr. Brill turned a deathly gray.

"If you print anything that woman says," he exclaimed, beads of perspiration trickling down his fat jowls, "I'll sue you for libel! I'll sue your dirty paper for a million dollars!"

The young man smiled.

"You'd merely be wasting time and money, Mr. Brill. We shall publish Mrs. Wingle's statement, not our own. We have a perfect right to quote any one. Besides, we have given you a chance to refute the story, and you have refused to do so."

Then he drew out a pocket camera, focused it on Mr. Brill, tripped the shutter, and smilingly bade Mr. Brill good afternoon.

And at that Mr. Brill realized that they had him, so to speak, where the cat had the mouse. They had him and he couldn't fight back. He envisioned the next day's issue of the Evening Star; His own picture, taken in his own elaborate office; Mrs. Wingle's story giving the true character of the land he was selling at ten times its worth; that affair back in nineteen hundred connecting him with the biggest land fraud in the history of the country, and heaven only knew what else. If that came out he was ruined, ruined for all time. The thing had to stop, and he could think of only one way to stop it.

Sweat streaming from every pore, he reached for pen and paper and wrote hurriedly. When finished he had drawn an agreement which, when signed by Sarah A. Wingle, bound her to withdraw any statement or statements made to the Evening Star which in any way involved the Southwestern Colonization Company or its president, Horace G. Brill. Then he took out his checkbook and filled one in. The agreement he placed in an envelope and labeled Number One. The check he placed in another and labeled it Number Two. This done he rang for Jenkins.

"Jenkins," he instructed, holding out envelope Number One, "find that Wingle woman—you can get her address from the Evening Star—and make 'er sign this. Then"—proffering envelope Number Two "give 'er this. But be sure to make 'er sign this before you give 'er this."

"Yes, sir," said the obedient Jenkins, and Mr. Brill thought he detected the shadow of a smile play across his thin face, "yes, sir. I'll attend to it."

All the afternoon and until after 6 o'clock Mr. Brill waited nervously for Jenkins' return. He had an uneasy feeling that all was not well, and yet he could not say just why. Certainly he did not for a moment mistrust Jenkins. Jenkins was the last man on earth he would suspect of absconding with an eight thousand dollar check. He didn't have the nerve, Mr. Brill believed. No, the fellow was having trouble in locating Mrs. Wingle.

AT A quarter of 7 Mr. Brill locked up the office and went home. He was back at 8:30 the next morning, an hour ahead of time. And altho Jenkins should have been there at 8 o'clock sharp, he had not yet arrived. At 9:30 Mr. Brill was sweating blood. If the man Jenkins did not appear within another hour he would have to write another check and go in search of Mrs. Wingle himself. Whatever the cost, that statement should not go to press.

Not until a quarter past 10 did Jenkins show up. Nor was he the meek, subservient flunky of the day before. He wore the same suit of clothes, the same hat, the same shoes, but his face and bearing had changed. His shoulders were squared, his jaw firm, his eyes alert and fearless.

He opened the door to Mr. Brill's office and strode boldly in. He laid the signed statement on Mr. Brill's desk.

"Got it," he smiled. "The lady was reasonable enough."

"I should think she would be," growled Mr. Brill. "But you certainly took your time about it, didn't you?"

"Sure," agreed Jenkins. "The lady and I spent quite a pleasant evening together, Mr. Brill"

"You did, heh?"

"Yes, she wanted somebody to help celebrate her good fortune, and, naturally, me being present, she picked on me. You see, Mr. Brill, your check was quite a surprise to her. She was merely bluffing and didn't have a leg to stand on."

"What?" shouted Mr. Brill. "How about that newspaper man."

"Oh, him. He wasn't a newspaper man at all. He was just a clever young fellow she hired to come here and run a bluff."

Mr. Brill's fat pink face took on a puzzled expression.

"But that trouble back in nineteen hundred, Jenkins; she knew all about that."

"Not a thing. She didn't have the slightest idea what it was. Doesn't know yet. You suggested that yourself right here in the office, to me. Remember?"

"Yes," said Mr. Brill. "But how th' Sam Hill did she know that?"

"I told her," confessed Jenkins calmly.

"You told her?" Mr. Brill grew purple with rage. "You treacherous, dirty hound!"

"Yes. You see, Mr. Brill, I was in sympathy with the lady all along. In fact I was planted here to get next to you. Remember how I hung round the office till you took me on? Well, I wanted to get something on you. I didn't—nothing tangible—but I found out your weakness: Newspapers—you were afraid of the newspapers. So we worked on that. And that slip about the nineteen hundred affair—that came in handy, too."

Mr. Brill bounced from his chair, his face green, his clinched fists quivering menacingly. For the space of half a minute he was inarticulate.

"Jenkins," he choked, "you—you——"

"My name isn't Jenkins," corrected the erstwhile confidential secretary. "I discarded that alias last night."

Mr. Brill sat down. His spasm of rage subsided and left him too weak to stand. All he wanted now was to get rid of the man and be left alone.

"Then, who the devil are you?" he asked at last.

"John H. Wingle," was the grinning reply; "husband of Sarah A."

* * *

Lone and Mysterious.

THERE is an elderberry bush seven feet high on the tableland of Mesa Verde National Park, in Colorado, that has the distinction of being the only one in that country. How it got there and whether the last of the Indian cliff dwellers had anything to do with its growth there is being investigated by scientists.

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A Portrait of Hope

(Continued From Page 13)

a chance on the Seattle man and wires him, asking if he'd had a young lady customer with the first name of "Hope" in the past year, and says to telegraph the answer.

No answer for about a week, then I gets a letter saying he thinks he had a customer named Hope somebody, but he can't remember the last name, but she was from Milwaukee. He says he's had a fire lately, and all his records are gone, but he remembers the name, or a part of it, at least.

I guess this was bad, eh? Things was coming my way pretty good. But still it has to locate a girl named Hope in a burg like Milwaukee, which may not be no easy job after all. But I figures maybe Milwaukee's the place where Hooch comes from, and once there I can get all the dope, so I tells Tommy and Slim to wach out for our friend as I has to go east on a little deal, and I takes the next train out. I sure hates to pay out good money to a railroad company just for the privilege of riding, but sometimes it saves time, so I takes to the cushions for the first time in many years.

IN MILWAUKEE I goes to the newspaper offices and gets into their files, and it ain't no time before I gets the whole story. Later I goes out to the cemetary and inspects the swell-looking stone they puts up "To the memory of William L. Winston;" who "died on" such and such a date. And I also finds out who the Hope girl is, she being the daughter of a Dr. Seymour. He's out of town, as I finds out when I calls up the house, and I'm dead sure it was Miss Hope who answers the telephone. But of course, I don't say nothing to her about the case.

In the papers I finds out who it was who identified Hooch so thoroly when they finds the body in the railroad yards. He's a banker, named Derner, and him and Hooch was great pals when everything was going good. It was in his bank that Hooch has all the money being kept until he gets to be thirty years old.

Now I likes, and dislikes, banks. I likes 'em because they gather up all the loose change in the neighborhood and make it easy for a guy to clean up right if he once gets to the box. But I dislikes 'em equally much, because they make it so darn hard for a guy to get to the bundles, and they raise such a fuss if you do happen to connect.

I ain't none too cheerful about going to the place. It's hard for a professional man to keep his mind off his graft, and the elbows round a bank can usually spot a guy who looks in a certain way at a bale of coin. I'd never been mugged in the burg, and I was kind of well-known pretty much all over, and the dicks might have looked over my map in their gallery. You never can tell.

Anyway, I finds out that this banker guy always puts on the feed-bag at a certain table, at a certain restaurant, at a certain hour, every day. You know, one of those methodical ducks. So I slips a piece of change to the handsome waiter and he leads me up to the proper stall, just before Derner sits in.

This works out all right, and as I'm dolled up neat and plain, no one would have took me for anything but a retired plumber or some other man of means. The banker comes along in due time, and eases himself into the opposite chair, looks over the score board and orders his little row of eats. I makes some break about the weather, and the guy comes back with a little chatter and he talks a little of this and that. I says I've been away from the burg for about five months, but finds things going on just the same, and he says the place is one progressive little village.

"By the way," I says, "did they ever clear up the mystery about that Winston chap, the young lawyer who was supposed to be killed by the train?"

"No mystery about it at all," says Derner. "No mystery at all. I identified him myself; knew him for years. A customer of ours till he went wrong."

"You're in business here?" I says, pulling him along, and ordering a couple of the brew that put the town on the map. He slips me his card, showing him to be one of the higher-ups of the bank. I flashes my own pasteboard, which I got out when we was thinking of going into the mining game, and it sets me out as Mr. G. B. Wilson, Mining Engineer. We're glad to meet each other, and he comes back to Hooch, or Winston, making him out to be pretty much of a bum, not a kind word for the poor lob.

"Aha!" I says to myself, "our good neighbor must have come out pretty good on account of Hooch's kick-off; otherwise, why the unkind words?" Ain't it the truth that a good way to get a guy sore on you is to put something good his way? It ain't always the case, but often enough. But, of course, I don't say nothing to the jobbie, and we changes the subject, and pretty soon Derner beats it out.

The hasher comes strolling over. Hashers is guys just like any one else; they has feelings but they don't always show 'em. This lob don't know me, but he's wise enough to know there's a plant on somewheres.

"I hears you say something about Billy Winston," he says, stacking up Derner's dishes and not looking at me at all.

"I might be around the postoffice about 7:30 tonight," I says, reaching for my check and slipping a case note to the jobbie.

"I'm certain to be there," he says, and as it happens, he was.

Now, when a bunch of fellows eat regular at a joint, day after day, they talk among each other pretty free, and it happens that Hooch or Winston used to eat with Derner and a couple of other fellows all the time, and this hasher always has their table. And naturally, he can't but over-hear a lot of their chatter. He liked Winston, and he said Miss Seymour was one of the finest ladies in the town. Sometimes she'd come in with Winston for lunch and women always show whether they're good people or not in a public dining-room.

But he didn't like Derner; said he was crooked and had got into the money held in trust for Winston, claiming Billy had debts that had to be took care of. He says Winston was some bar-fly at the last, but he couldn't see where he'd run up any debts, for he'd always paid as he went along, and always had a bunch of cash on hand. He tells me of another friend of Hooch's a chap named Miller who ran a sporting-goods store and who was straight as a string. He says if I'm after any dope on Winston to see this Miller guy and get it right.

The hasher don't know that Winston ain't dead and I don't wise him up any. He'd have slipped the glad news to his skirt, and she'd have it spilled all over the burg before breakfast. Hashers is useful and lots of them is all-right guys, but this was deep stuff. So I lets the jobbie think what he wants to, and slips him a five case note so he'd forget knowing me.

It's too late to see this Miller fellow, but I got to him next morning. He was a swell guy, just as the hasher says, good and straight all the way thru, and wise like a fish. So I don't do no stalling, but asks if I can get his ear in his private office for a minute.

"What's the big idea?" he says, giving me the up and down with a pair of clear, gray lamps.

"Billy Winston," I says.

Miller's face lights up and he whistles soft and lowlike. "Come along," he says, "and travel fast," giving me the east and west and leading me into a little cubby-hole he had screened off at the back of the store.

"What about Billy?" he says, pushing a box of ropes toward me as I sat down.

I tells him all I know and he listens close, asking a question now and then. It don't seem to worry him none that I'm a yegg, and he gets enough out of the tale to make me all right. Anyway, he goes out of the room a couple of times to attend to something or other he can't stall off, leaving a roll of bills on his desk where they were laying when he came in. And they were all grands, too.

He calls upon the telephone after he gets all the story and gives a number. When he gets it he says: "Good morning, Hope!" looking over at me and smiling, and then he tells her to ask the doc to come to the phone.

When the doc answers, he tells him not to say anything before Hope, but he has news of Billy Winston, and for the doc to beat it down to the store.

I hears the doc well "The hell you say!" happy as a kid, and slam up the receiver, and I'll bet it wasn't three minutes before he comes in the store, looking happy as a chicken with a new pair of silk stockings.

Miller introduces me, and I tells the story again, adding what Derner said about Winston. The two guys nod over this like they was wise, and then the doc asks for the name of the hospital in Denver, and puts in a long distance call for the dump. We sit around for a while, and the two guys asks questions about what we'd been doing, and I knows they're both right and tells them the truth. It don't seem to bother them none, and they laughs hearty when I tell them how we has to educate Hooch to be a regular 'bo.

Pretty soon Denver comes on the wire, and Doc Seymour talks to the doc in the hospital, and it happens they know each other. Anyway, it seems that Hooch is coming along fine and dandy, and Seymour says to keep him a few days longer and he and Miller will come out after him.

Nothing will do but that I has to go to lunch with the two chaps, and we goes down to the restaurant where I saw the Derner guy. He's putting on the feed-bag as we come in, and nods to the doc, but has nothing for Miller, and when he sees me with the two jobbies, I guess he get's a man's-sized hunch, for he loses his interest in the eats, and beats it out pretty sudden-like. I wises Miller to his play, and he and the doc has a good laugh, and even the hasher slips me a side-look that says he's on.

I'm fixed up for a theater party that night, with the two gents and Miss Hope is along. Doc wises me that I am to be her escort in the place of Hooch, and say! maybe I didn't have to do some running around. I asks the doc, as man to man, if I'm dolled up right for the doings, and as man to man, he tells me that my collar is too low, and my tie is too passionate to be good form, so I gets fixed up right. But never again with a manicure! Little Blondie at the barber shop tries to correct and make up for years of neglect, and my fingers are so sore I can't hardly light a match, let alone pick up change. It's a great life if you don't weaken, but it's fierce getting started right.

It was some feed, believe me. There was things to eat and drink that I never heard of, and they were all good. When I thinks of the scoffings I has to put up with half the time, just because I'm a yegg and pretty much of a bum, and when I lamps around the dump and sees all the well-dressed men, and the music and the lights as a matter of course, it makes me think that the doc at the Denver hospital is right when he says I'm a chump and nothing will do me any good. All these happy hours is mine, or anybody else's if they handles their affairs right.

JUST at the time when I'm kind of kicking myself, the orchestra starts a piece of music I hears one night at the Star and Garter, the words going something like this:

"What's the use of dreaming, dreams of rosy hue;
What's the use of dreaming, dreams that never could come true.
You are worth a million, there is not a [illegible]
Then your pipe goes out."

Ain't it the truth? And yet—oh, hell! What's the use? I guess Doc Seymour and Miller, and all the other well-fixed guys I sees around me has as much worry and grief as I has, and maybe a darn sight more, in spite of their having it pretty soft in some ways. Things even up pretty much in this world, but it's pretty nice not to have to worry about the dicks being wise to your map.

Say, you reads in the magazines about some gink talking about his jane, and he says she's "wonderful." That always gives me a pain, that "wonderful" stuff, but after I meets Miss Hope I sees that maybe the guy who's pulling the stuff has met some girl like her. Take a woman who has no sense and she might be a bear for looks, but that's all. But when you sees a woman who's been educated, who's traveled, who's wise to everything that's fit to know, and then hand her a bunch of good looks—say, man, then you have something worth while. And that was Miss Hope.

I don't know how I gets thru with the supper, and the theater party. I says "yes'm" and "no'm" when I thinks it's right, and does my darndest with all the forks and spoons they piles up around my plate, and nobody gives me the laugh, so I guess I gets away with it all right.

We goes to the theater in a gasoline bus, but all the actors is wops, and while they does a lot of singing that's pretty good, I don't think anybody's wise to what they're singing about, but everybody is good-natured and don't make a roar. We has a box, and between the singing, Miss Hope pumps me all about Hooch, and what he's been doing, and I eases it down a bit for her, and don't get into the rough stuff like I hands it to Miller and the doc. I figures Miss Hope is going to marry Hooch sometimes, and what's the use of her having a lot of stuff on him that she can hang over his head? And at that, Hooch ain't been responsible; us jobbies gets him into all the deals.

But I tells her about the deal in Kansas, when we gets the run and she cries about it. She's a heap interested in how Hooch gets the picture, and says she went out to Seattle to try and calm herself after they all thinks Hooch has been croaked, and had her picture took, and she's always been hopeful that Hooch wasn't dead, and her name being Hope, too, she writes that "Picture of Hope" across the map on one she sends to an aunt in Kansas City, and the aunt never gets it, and it's very likely the one the little missies find on the railroad track. She says it was the work of Providence, and wants to know the name of the town so she can write to the little girls, but I don't remember the place, or where it was.

We all starts for Denver the next morning, and it's only a day or two before everything is fixed up. Hooch is up and around the dump when we get there, and he almost keels over when Miss Hope comes in first and rushes up to him. Slim and Tommy is there with me and Miller and the doc and we all looks out the windows while the two hands each other a little loving talk, and hugs each other a bit. I've seen some lucky guys in my time; I've seen jobbies break a faro bank, or clean out the house at roulette, or make a clean get-away with a roll that would choke the fire-box of a locomotive, but take it from me, 'bo, the man who has all the love of a good woman is the luckiest guy who ever lives. It's handy to have a bunch of frog-skins, I'll tell the world it is, but the guy who has a woman loving him, and thinking of him, and doing for him—everything will come out right for that guy if he does what's right. Live and learn, as the fellow says, and I sure wises up on a whole lot in the plant I'm just telling you about.

And now there ain't no more to tell; not a hell of a lot, anyway. Hooch and Miss Hope gets married that same day. Miller gets a wire from a friend of his in Milwaukee that Derner is claiming to have found a block of stock put away in Hooch's name and which the bank didn't know it had. I guess he saw a flock of lights somewhere.

Us jobbies fall for something kind of nifty in the way of a silver set for the bride and groom. We lifted a set like it in Toledo one time, and some way or other we always fancied the design. The three of us had a date with Doc Seymour and Miller for the next morning after Hooch and his wife beats it out for the Coast. The doc tells me that Hooch wants to express his appreciation of how we took care of him, but he'd done that already by being so happy.

We knew it was us who got him back to Miss Hope and his friends, and he knew it was us, and that was enough. We were satisfied, there wasn't anything more he could do.

So the date with doc and Miller was never kept.

P P P

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The Riddle of the Yellow Zuri

(Continued From Page 8)

more than interested by her mention of the Canal street depot.

"Yessah. Ah knows it. But lemme tell you 'bout dat wuthless man an' what happen 'bout dat snek. He done was wu'kin' Sunday, like he always do, caze he gets Mondays off instid. An' as he wuz tampin' down one ob dem railroad ties, he done see a streak o' yeller skinnin' along under de futhest rail. He go aftah it quick and he raise de i'on tampin' bah and he kill it wid one quick blow. He ——"

"Now just a minute, Mrs. Johnson," said Carson. "The Canal street yards are where the trains from the West would come in. Did your husband make any comment as to what was the last train in prior to his killing this snake?"

"Yes, he did, sah. Sam say he bet de snek was brung in on dat train f'um Montana w'at comes in roun' 2 o'clock in de afternoon. 'Tennyrate, he think it come in dataway. But as I is tellin' you he kill dat reptile jes' like as what I done 'scribe to you. Den w'at you thinks dat wuthless niggah done? Been alwuz lookin' fo' a Jonah fo' to use in de crap games w'ut he plays in; so he done tek dat snek yistiddy mo'nin'—Monday mo'nin'—to one ob dem w'ite man taxidermics count o' gettin' de day off cause o' wu'kin' Sunday. An' he go an' have de snek skinned w'ile he wait, an' de skin baked in a little oven, an' den stuffed wid wool. An' den he ca'y off dat snek fo' a Jonah in de crap games. He say a yaller snek mek' a man rich—his pappy don' fol' 'im dat w'en he was a boy.

"He nevah even go back to his job dis mohnin'," continued the colored woman dolefully, "fo' he been shootin' craps evah since yistiddy afta'noon. All night dat niggah been rollin' dem bones, an' dis mohnin' he show up in a ol' suit wid ol' shoes an' no hat—don' los' all his good clothin' an' all his money. But he jes' as cheehful as do' he had a millyun dollahs, fo' he say he got a jonah dat goin' to mek him an' me and de chilluns pow'ful rich soons as it throws a h'ant ober dem dice. Den he roll up in de bed an' go to sleep. Ah tells Mistess Alexander, de w'ite lady on Prairie av'nue who Ah washes fo', 'bout it. Says Mistess Alexander: 'Em'line, s'posin' dat snek wuz a pet ob somebody like a snek-chahmah?' So we stop de washin' an' she look in de papers—and suah 'nough we see all 'bout dat snek in dem los' and foun' ads. Now, Mistah, if dat snek ain't de one you's lookin' fo', Ah will be a mighty dis'pinted 'ooman. It's a tigah, jes' like you 'scribes. An' Ah cught to know, seein' as Ah went right home an' sneaked de snek outen dat niggah's pocket, him bein' still snoahin' an' dreamin' 'bout he goin' to go out tonight and win a lot o' money by bettin' ouah fun'iture. So heah Ah is, and heah is de snek."

From a capacious bosom she withdrew a white cloth, and unrolling it exposed its contents. Carson, now standing above her so that he could inspect those contents accurately, saw that it was indeed something that tallied exactly with what both Mr. Jennings and the encyclopedia termed the tiger snake. It was about a foot and a half long, and a fine, flexible wire evidently concealed in the stuffing allowed it to be bent into various lifelike positions, as the colored woman demonstrated with her black digits. Its color was a brilliant yellow, broken only by narrow jet black rings which ran from the very tip of its tail clear to its nose. The skin, as the colored woman had narrated, had evidently been neatly removed, baked in an oven, stuffed with wool stuffing and sewed up with very fine stitches of silk. It had a somewhat lifelike appearance, however, in spite of its drastic treatment, for two bright blue beads had been sewn in for its eyes. It was, all in all, tho, a more or less embarrassed and stiff-looking snake, a snake that looked as tho it wasn't enjoying itself—a snake which suggested a man in a dress suit at a wake!

It was while he was inspecting it that Marcia came into the parlor, and looking up Carson related to her the black woman's story. "It must surely be the one," she said, her instinctive dislike of the thing evidently partially overcome by its brilliant coloring and its very despoiled and pathetic appearance. She gazed with him at the thing which two days before had been a repugnant reptile, but which now had become merely an ornament—a bizarre ornament of the kind which appeals to savage and primitive minds.

Carson scratched his chin, while the negro woman looked up at him expectantly. At last he spoke. "Mrs. Johnson, I am more than convinced that this is the reptile for which the advertisement was inserted from this house. The party who advertised for it is not here now, and I have two suggestions to offer. You may leave it here with us if you care to trust us, and we will give you a receipt for it. The party who advertised for it has agreed to pay the sum of one thousand dollars providing the snake can be identified by certain markings. If it were the wrong one, it would of course be returned to you. On the other hand, if you will leave me your address I will arrange an appointment between us all. In any event, let me advise that you keep it out of your husband's hands, for if he gets it again he's liable to wager everything you and he have in the world on its supposed powers of good luck."

"How soon, sah, does yo' think dat you will know f'um de man whut you's advuhtisin' fo?" she asked with the trustfulness of a child.

"Very soon," Carson answered. "As soon as I can call him up and get him over here. Perhaps tonight—at least tomorrow morning. He has stipulated that it shall be dead or alive—and whether the fact that it has been stuffed by your husband will make a difference or not, I am not in a position to say."

The negro woman pondered deeply for a moment. Then she spoke. "Well, den, sah, Ah thinks Ah jes' leave de snek wid you, fo' you an' de lil gal both looks hones'. But—well—Ah wuz wonderin', sah, if yo' couldn't 'vance me five dollahs on de snek, consid'in' dat wuthless Sam o' mine go an' lose so much money."

Carson hesitated. This was undoubtedly the reptile whose finding was worth two hundred and fifty dollars to Marcia, if not to himself. Then he dipped down in his pocket and drawing up his none too thick roll of money peeled off a five-dollar bill. Stepping to the parlor table, he wrote out a receipt with his fountain pen, giving the description of the serpent, filling in the woman's name and address on East Thirty-first street, and signing his own together with his downtown office. Then securing the telephone number of a more affluent colored neighbor of hers, he bowed her out with plenty of assurances that he would ring her on the phone at the earliest possible moment. Once alone with Marcia, he and the girl looked at the snake and then at each other.

CHAPTER IX.

SURPRISING NEWS.

CARSON was the first to speak. "It must be the one," he said. "I will wager beyond all doubt that we've secured Mr. Jake Jennings' Zuri snake."

"But suppose," she asked wonderingly, "that he considers it neither alive nor dead?"

Carson made a nonchalant gesture with his hands. "Well, what do we care, anyway, now that we've had such cheerful news in yesterday's mail? We've done our part—he can accept it or reject it. He won't break us whatever he does. He glanced about him. "Well, honey-girl, suppose we put the blamed thing safely away now. Is grandfather Desmond's old safe that he's used for so many years still working?"

She nodded. "Yes, Cliff. It's in its old corner in his library. I think I'll just let you carry the thing in there, however."

So Carson, carrying the thing a bit squeamishly, followed her into a little room whose one window looked out upon the prairielike region in which the nearest cottage was two blocks away, with only a phalanx of subdivision signs and fences intervening. It was a little library, its walls adorned with archaic steel engravings, a bookcase to one side filled with volumes whose bindings were cracked and yellow with the years, an old red couch against another wall. In the corner nearest the window stood a little old-fashioned black iron safe about two feet in height—a safe of the type that a country financier of the '60s might have used to hold his Civil War currency. Marcia, bending over, unlocked it by a few turns of the dial, and clearing off an improvised shelf in it holding a few books and a clothbound ledger made space on it for Carson's burden. As for Carson himself, he laid out a sheet of newspaper on the shelf, looped the snake into a neat circle and deposited it there, where, with its beady blue eyes staring vacantly at them, they closed the door upon it. And as Marcia twirled the dial and locked the safe upon its strange occupant, they rose to their feet and laughed as by one impulse.

"It actually looked at me as tho it had been abused," the girl rippled.

"Didn't it?" echoed Carson amusedly. He looked down at his hands. "And now for a cake of scouring soap!"

She laughed. "Well, cheer up, Cliff. The cook—myself—at least hasn't touched the thing."

As soon as Carson had scoured his hands thoroly, and washed them twice, the more to remove from his mind the thought that he had handled the object, he repaired to the telephone in the front hallway and called up the National Hotel on Van Buren street. Getting the clerk he asked, as before, to be connected with Mr. Jake Jennings. But he did not get the said Mr. Jennings—at least for the present. The clerk, after calling some one over to the phone and talking to them for a moment, again spoke into the transmitter.

"You say it's Mr. Jake Jennings you want to speak with?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Jennings went over to the Chicago detctive bureau with a couple of officers who dropped up here, and he hasn't been back since. If you're a friend of his, I don't mind telling you that I think he's pinched—but I don't know. Better call up there."

Carson, somewhat bewildered, proceeded to ring the detective bureau. To his query about one Mr. Jake Jennings, he received in short order a reply from the desk sergeant.

"Yes, Jennings is here," he said brusquely. "Locked up in a cell waiting for some one to bail him out."

"On what charge is he being held?" asked Carson hurriedly, quite dumfounded by the information that the genial Mr. Jennings was now in the iron grip of the police system.

"Arrested today and identified as Cal Buckman, one of the participators in the Harroway swindle of 1917."

The Harroway swindle! It came back to Carson with a rush. Harroway was a newly made millionaire who had been swindled out of a big sum of money by a clever band of wire-tappers who had gotten his money by a spurious poolroom outfit and had then decamped. The police had searched for the ringleaders for a considerable time and had then apparently dropped the entire case. Evidently, as Carson now perceived, the police never went to sleep.

"Is it possible for me to talk to Mr. Jennings?" he asked.

"Yeh—I guess so," said the sergeant who was presumably in an amiable mood. "Hold the wire."

For a long time Carson heard over the telephone circuit the sound of faint voices, the shuffling of feet along the cement corridors, matches being struck, broken words and fragments of words, and then finally a voice directly in the receiver. He recognized it at once as that of the genial Mr. Jake Jennings. But Mr. Jennings' voice held in it a pronounced trace of uneasiness, of worry.

"This is Mr. Clifford Carson——" began Carson.

"Yes. I know you. Go ahead."

"Well, Mr. Jennings, I've got the thing that we advertised for. I guess you know——"

"Yes, yes. I know," retorted Mr. Jennings quickly. He paused, obviously thinking. Then he spoke. "Now I'll tell you, young man, just how the land lies. I'm over here at the detective bureau locked up on a nutty charge—they think I'm some one I ain't. Until I can get a lawyer and arrange for some bail somehow, I can't get to you. Can you give a receipt for that article and hold it till I get out?"

"I've already done that," responded the younger man. "I have it."

"O. K.," said Mr. Jennings succinctly. "Hold it. I'll be out of here by tomorrow, I'm certain, if my messages don't miscarry. I hope so anyway. Then I'll see you pronto."

Whereupon he said good-by, and hung up, evidently to be conducted back to his cell.

It was a merry little dinner party that Marcia and Carson held that night, with a lot of dainties on the table and a lot of topics to talk about, not the least of which was this suddenly developed arrest of the genial Mr. Jennings as being one Cal Buckman of the old Harroway case. After supper she played for him and sang for him, too, in a low sweet contralto and at 9 o'clock he took her as far as the Kildare exchange where she had to begin her night's labor at about the time when he was thinking of going to bed. An odd courtship indeed!

But that night, when he reached his rooms on Scott street, who should he find seated on the bench in the hallway just outside of those rooms but a young man with sleek black hair, smoking a cigarette, a notebook protruding from one coat pocket of his checked suit, a high speed newspaper camera on the floor beside him. Beyond any doubt he was a reporter on one of the city dailies. He lost no time in speaking as Carson placed his hand on the doorknob of his door.

"Are you Mr. Clifford Carson?"

Carson nodded. He halted his entrance into his room. The check-suited young man stood up.

"I'm from the morning Times," he said. "Been waiting here for you about an hour. Seems to me I know you, however. Oh—yes—you're the man we ran a story about last week—funny I never thought of that. Of course—your picture was in it. That story about the Government's new bureau for the investigation of fraudulent mining stock?"

Carson nodded in corroboration. The other smiled. "Well I'm here on a somewhat different story tonight, Mr. Carson. A man on Prairie avenue phoned in a tip to the paper this evening that his wife's washwoman had found a yellow snake of some kind and was to get a thousand dollars for it. The paper sent me out to get the full story from her. She gave me the address of the colored washwoman. So I went over to Thirty-First street and saw the washwoman. She showed me a receipt with your name

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Today even the ordinary electrician, the screw driver kind, is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the Electrical Expert—who is picked out to boss the ordinary electricians—to boss the big jobs—the jobs that pay $70.00 to $200.00 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big jobs—begin NOW.

Age or Lack of Experience No Draw-Back

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make $70 to $200 a week.

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So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

FREE Electrical Working OUTFIT FREE

I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit, examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish. You do the PRACTICAL WORK—AT HOME. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way.

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I want to send you my package of "Vital Facts" including Electrical Book and Proof Lessons FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Mail the coupon—NOW.

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Dear Sir:—Send at once the "Vital Facts" including Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and the two Home Study Courses—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

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Handsome Guaranteed Watch, latest style, given you for selling only 12 boxes of our Famous **White CLOVERINE Salve** at 25c per box, returning $3.00. Large, beautiful picture free with each box. Thousands have earned Lace Curtains, Cameras, Silver Sets, Boys' Rifles, Aluminum Sets, Talking Machines, Dinner Sets, etc. Our Plan easiest and squarest. 28th year. We are reliable. Write today.

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HIGH GRADE KNIFE $1.00

Introduction Offer—Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c. extra your name and address put on knife. This does not obligate you to act as agent. Size 3¾ inches.

EASY MONEY $75 to $200 Monthly All or Spare Time

DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives and razors. One side shows owner's name and address; the other any design selected, emblems used by Societies, Fraternal, Labor, and Railroad orders, etc. Blades finest steel, handles clear as glass and unbreakable. Every knife guaranteed. Permanent employment, and exclusive territory to those willing to give most of their time. If you are earning less than $1200 yearly let us show you how to make more. These knives make fine birthday and Holiday Presents.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

on it, and your downtown address in the People's Gas Building. Agent of the building gave me your home address—and—well—here I am. That's some story, Mr. Carson, that thousand-dollar snake. Of course you'll give me the inside details of it?"

CARSON smiled, but shook his head. He had no grudges against the press who had given him the very best of write-ups, even tho those write-ups might have been partially accomplished by some official in Washington pulling the wires.

"I'm mighty sorry," he told the reporter, "but beyond the little matter of the advertisement in the lost and found columns of all the papers which you've already undoubtedly seen, I'm not at liberty to give any details. There is no objection, perhaps, to my corroborating the fact that we have found the snake—pending final identification—beyond doubt the Zuri or tiger snake advertised for."

"But why is it worth a thousand bucks?" asked the reporter pointedly.

Carson smiled again and shook his head as before. "I'm sorry," was all he said, "but I'm not at liberty to give you the inside facts."

"Are you people developing a venom serum?" persisted the other.

But Carson was not to be budged—and, indeed, he could give no explanation even if he wanted to. He shook his head decisively. "None of us at the address mentioned in the advertisement have anything to say at this time," he declared.

The reporter, being a shrewd reader of men, ceased his questioning. He glanced down at his camera on the floor, then up again. "Well, don't suppose you'll refuse a picture of this Zuri snake for the morning edition of the Times," he said hopefully. "It'll make a crackerjack story even without the inside dope. The thousand-dollar snake!"

But Carson was again forced to shake his head. "The reptile is now locked up in a safe in the library of Professor Angus Desmond whose name appears in connection with the advertisement. Professor Desmond is in Havana, Cuba, and is not expected back till about next Sunday. I am merely a friend of the family, and Miss Desmond, the only person in a position to open that safe, is a supervising operator at the Kildare telephone exchange on the night trick—so I couldn't show you the snake even if I were of a mind to ride clear out there with you now, and even if I had a key to the house. As for Miss Desmond, she isn't off duty till morning."

"Well, that appears to settle it then," said the reporter. He picked up his camera and slung the leather strap over his shoulder. "Thanks, anyway, old man, for your courtesy. I'll try to make a little something out of it at least."

And sure enough, after a somewhat restless night's sleep in which his most vivid dream appeared to be a representation of Mrs. Sam Johnson being pursued down a narrow street by a giant reptile which had a pair of huge dice for eyes, Carson woke up to find that there was indeed a story in the morning paper which was left at his room door each morning by the slavey of the Scott street rooming-house.

It described the almost miraculous return to its owner by a negro trackwalker in the Canal street depot of a snake worth one thousand dollars, the mysterious Zuri or Tiger Snake of India. The reporter had culled his imagination to the 'nth degree. In his seven hundred word story he painted not only a vivid description of the tiger snake, but also the white walls of an Indian temple in the impregnable fastnesses of the Himalayas. He told of the dark-skinned priests who had owned the sacred snake, a variant on its breed and one whose venom served to lengthen their lives beyond that of their fellowmen, thus increasing their standing among the rabble of India. And he told also of the bitter conflict being waged between these dark-skinned mystics and the learned zoologist who had bought the sacred snake in India from a traitor in the temple and who had brought it back to America to invoke the aid of science in determining the real cause of the ability of the venom to give human longevity. The precious snake, lost and regained by a newspaper want ad, was the one clew which was to expose a set of Indian fakers who had waxed fat and rich for hundreds of years; under the scientific hands of an American zoologist it was to be used to undo the mysticism of the East. Now regained, the snake was carefully guarded within the six walls of an iron safe in Professor Desmond's house at 5720 Giddings street, and Professor Desmond himself was in Havana interviewing an apostate Indian priest who had escaped the temples and fled to Spain's lost island.

Carson laughed aloud. It made a beautiful story—a beautifully wild fantasy wound around a few sparse facts—and all that was needed to make it literally blow up so far as the delectation of the public went was for it to further contain the additional mere details that the snake was not stuffed, and that all the venom which could be gotten from it, considering its wool body and its total absence of poison glands in addition, would not kill a mosquito nor lengthen the life of a 3 months old infant. But this information the story, fortunately for the story, did not contain!

But Carson, late arisen this bright Wednesday morning and reading his paper at the hour of 9 when the contents of papers thruout the city were long since digested, was not the only person in Chicago after all who was perusing that same article. In the Ratagoba House, some two miles to the south, a catchpenny hostelry patronized by theatrical and circus people of the cheaper class, two persons who were registered there in different rooms but at this instant sat closeted in the same room were also reading the article for the third consecutive time that morning—at least one was reading it to the other. The one who read the newspaper account was a man; the one who listened to it was a girl.

CHAPTER X.

KENSINGTON ON THE WIRE.

THE Ratagoba House* was on North Clark street, not far from the Chicago River, where that famous cosmopolitan thorofare was most run down at heel. Street car motormen, held up by the bridge a block or so to the south, irritably thumped raucous gongs as they nosed their ponderous grinding vehicles slowly past the doors. Huge warehouses, dust stained and greasy, reared themselves in the sky as tho in silent condemnation of the Ratagoba House which stored only countless humans engaged in the most inutile profession in life, rather than the valuable things of existence such as butter, eggs and sides of beef. Cheap motion picture shows along the street vied with equally cheap photo-postal galleries, and drug stores in which much winking was done between proprietor and customer dotted this portion of the city.

In room 418 of the Ratagoba House Casper Wolff, the morning paper in his hand, was just completing his third detailed reading of the article in the Times which Carson, fully two miles away, was perusing in the privacy of his own bedroom. Casper Wolff was a nervous, animated sort of man, with bushy gray hair, his age about 50, his eyes a bit shifty and greenish hazel in color, his collar not the cleanest, his suit far from up to the minute in style—a man whose profession or trade a casual reader of character might be puzzled to find, but who might be deduced to be an individual who had to use his wits coupled with an occasional demonstration of sharp practices. His face was devoid of mustache or beard, but wrinkled; there were crows-feet around his eyes, and he had a nervous way of biting his lips as he talked.

His auditor was a girl of about 19 who sat in his room dressed for outdoors in a gaudy hat with pink roses, a rather flamboyant orange shirtwaist, a patent leather belt with a great brass buckle, and a cheap serge jacket. Her hair was a silky brown, however, and her face was the smooth, pink-cheeked countenance of what might make one of a mountain girl. Her eyes carried a sort of dull animal look; neither education nor intelligence could be seen to be her strong points. She listened to Casper Wolff's reading of the article aloud with her mouth slightly open, and equally wide open eyes which showed the struggle of a somewhat immature brain to comprehend and successfully classify the details brought out in it.

At his conclusion, he tossed the paper down and wrinkled up his slightly yellow brow in a puzzled frown.

"Talk about luck, Lola," he said. "Can you beat it, my girl? Here we come on to Chicago figuring that the Zuri must surely be here, planning on advertising for it and maybe locating it if luck ran our way, and—slap bang!—our quest is at an end. We run square up against the exact location of the blamed snake. Luck, eh, girlie?"

Into the girl's animal-like eyes came a sort of dazed look. "Of—of course it's the same one, Mr. Wolff?"

"The same one?" he echoed. "Why, of course, it is. Caught by a nigger in the Canal street yards. There you have it. For those are the yards our train came in, don't you know? Or didn't you realize that?"

She shook her head slowly. "No, I—I don't know where our train came in. I don't hardly even know where this hotel is." Her eyes grew savage and hard. "I only know I'd give everything I got to pay Jake back for all what he's done to me."

"Well, now is your time, girlie," said the man Wolff. "With Jake locked up over at Chicago detective headquarters everything is what they call 'Jake' with us. Soon's I saw that little item in this morning's paper about Jake being locked up, I knew he'd be tied under pretty stiff bonds if he was Cal Buckman. In fact I called up detective headquarters this morning while you were eating breakfast, and inquired his bail. Ten thousand iron men he's under, Lo." The man Wolff paused. "Let me ask you two things, girlie. Did Jake ever speak of his earlier Chicago days? For instance, did he ever mention the name of Cal Buckman?"

She shook her head slowly. "No, Mr. Wolff. Jake's been about Chicago before he met me, but he didn't never speak of no Cal Buckman."

"Just what did he have to say about Chicago?"

"Well, he said that Chicago was one city in the U. S. where he didn't have a friend."

"Good!" said Casper Wolff decidedly. "Jake Jennings is due to lie behind bars for several days now. And if anybody ought to know that, I guess I ought to, eh, Lola?"

"You know everything, Mr. Wolff," said the girl confidently, which was an odd remark for such a pretty, well-made, healthy girl to make.

There was silence between the two of them for a moment. Then Lola spoke:

"What are we going to do now, Mr. Wolff?" It was plain that she personally was quite losf in the maze of the problem, and that the man was handling all the reins of the affair.

Casper Wolff made no reply. He paced up and down the floor for a moment. Finally he spoke: "There ought to be a way for us in this thing. Beyond doubt Jake has put it over on these people out on Giddings street in some manner—he's slipped them a wad of coin, and they've pulled the chestnut out of the fire for him. I can easily see why the much-wanted Cal Buckman couldn't afford to be interviewed by any reporters on this snake ad." He shrugged his shoulder. "And he got picked up after all in spite of his precautions." He turned to the girl. "About how much money did he have, Lola?"

"Not very much," said the girl slowly. "About a hundred dollars and that beautiful ring which he always wore on his hand. That ring was his copatil."

"His capital, girlie. Capital, not copatil."

"Cap-i-tal," she repeated slowly.

"And what was that ring worth?" asked Wolff.

"He used to say he could always pawn it for two hundred and fifty dollars. He said a ring was always fall money for a grifter."

"Fall money for a grifter is right," sneered Wolff. "And he's using his fall money for gambling on the snake." He paused. "Well, now to figure out what our next move is."

He continued to pace up and down for several moments. Finally he put on his hat. "I think the first thing I'll do is to take a run out to Giddings street and look over the land. From there I think I'll come back to the public library of this town and see if I can get any dope of any value on tiger snakes. Yes; that's what I'll do this morning."

He turned to the girl.

"Now, girlie, suppose you run over to that movie show across the street—it's going full blast even at this hour of the morning, I see—and get your fill of that film while I'm gone." He stepped to the tall old-fashioned window with its dusty, stained, yellow lace curtains and peered down on the street below. A moving picture show of the cheapest type was running across the way, a lugubrious cashier with chin on hand sitting in the ticket-seller's glassed-in box. A small boy with a cap was paying a coin down. The lithographs plastered on the walls and the boards in front showed the film to be: "The second series of the Perils of Pearl."

"Goody," said the girl Lola, as she surveyed over Casper Wolff's shoulder the scene pointed out by him. "Jake never would go to a movie. Oh, how I love the movies, Mr. Wolff."

The upshot of the discussion was that Casper Wolff took the girl across the street and deposited her in the dark recesses of the theater in which the Perils of Pearl were being ground out, and himself jumped on a car. One hour later by his watch he was out on Giddings street. He walked past the house whose number was given in the newspaper story. The shades were all drawn in front. He marked its position of comparative isolation, surrounded by vacant lots and empty land broken only by subdivision signs and makeshift fences. Its distance from the nearest carline, that on which he had come, he calculated appraisingly in his mind. This done he trudged along the new cement sidewalks until he came to another house, fully a block and a half beyond it, which like No. 5720 Giddings street stood alone amid much vacant land. He went up the steps and rang the bell, and when a matronly looking woman came he asked if she could tell him anything about Professor Angus Desmond, who lived at No. 5720 Giddings street, and particularly where Professor Desmond's office was.

"La me," ejaculated the woman. "Old Professor Desmond ain't got no office. He's an old, old man, nigh onto 80. He lives alone with his granddaughter Marcia, whose daddy is dead. I was over there the other morning, and she told me old Mr. Desmond was in Havana, Cuba."

Wolff's face fell—but it was merely a

*Fictious name.—Authors.

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Carat size gems. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choice of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art-leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by slip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

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Don't allow them to torture you, don't be cut, but let me send you at my risk, my mild, soothing, guaranteed combination treatment for piles. It will convince you more than I can say that it will relieve your trouble. It has proven a blessing in thousands of cases. If treatment is satisfactory it costs you $2.00, otherwise nothing. Remember, I take all the risk. Mail post card for full treatment today.

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Send No Money

Send no money, simply name and address. Merely give away free 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes of our famous White CLOVERINE Salve which you sell at 25 cents each, and we will send you this real moving picture machine according to offer in our big Premium Catalogue which you receive with the Salve. Millions use Cloverine for chapped hands, face and lips, burns and cuts. Our plan easiest. Write quick. Our 26th year. We are reliable.

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America's Pioneer Dog Medicines

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
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FREE TRIAL

Send this ad. [NO MONEY], and get FAMOUS KARNAK RAZOR on 30 days FREE trial. Then pay $1.85, or return razor. MORE COMPANY, 484 More Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

piece of acting. "That's too bad," he ruminated aloud. "I wanted to consult him upon something. What time do you suppose I would find Miss Marcia in?"

"That little girl works every night in the week," his informant advised him. "She's a supervising operator—just a slip of a girl she is, too—at the Kildare telephone exchange from 10 at night till 6 in the morning. When she gets home she sleeps till about 4 in the afternoon. She's got a brother, but he don't live at home."

"I see," said Casper Wolff. He bowed deeply. "Thank you, madam. I'll run in on the professor again when he gets back from Havana. Greatly obliged. Good day, madam."

And with these protestations of gratefulness, he left. And he was indeed grateful, for he had learned a great deal. His mind was working rapidly. He passed No. 5720 Giddings street again on his way to the car line. An upstairs window facing the bright morning sunlight was down from the top, but a blue shade was drawn over it clear to the bottom, flapping gently back and forth in the breeze going thru it. He surmised that it contained the sleeping granddaughter who worked nights from 10 to 6. He went around the side of the house as tho to cut across lots. And in so doing he passed a side window of the cottage. There was no shade cutting off this window. He took a quick, cautious peep inside. He saw a little room containing a bookcase, a number of steel engravings on the walls, a red couch, and last but not least, a little old-fashioned iron safe standing in one corner. Then he left the place and went back to his street car.

HE DID not dismount north of the river, however, on his return trip to civilization, but continued over and beyond that turbid ribbon of water and, about a half hour before noontime, was entering the gray stone building on the lake front which housed Chicago's public library. There in the catalog room he busied himself for some ten minutes or so at the huge card index, and finally armed with a goodly supply of printed manila slips bearing cryptic numbers, he was drawing forth various books over the counter of the adjoining reading-room. The index of each book he consulted in turn at one of the big tables some distance off, scanned a page or two in the interior of the volume, and then shook his head as he closed the book up and began on another.

"Just a waste of time as I thought," he said impatiently to himself. "There's no fixed rule covering the species at all."

He returned his books to the desk used for that purpose, saw his withdrawal slips stamped and filed away, and then he went back to the Ratagoba House, walking the distance between it and the library in the bright noonday sunshine. Reaching the hotel he went upstairs and tapped at the door of room 414, four doors from that in which he himself was sojourning. The girl Lola stuck her head out. "Step over to my room, girlie," he told her. "Got a bit of news for you."

She closed the door of her own room and quickly followed him to his. Inside his own cubicle, he related in detail the conditions he had found out on Giddings street, but not until he was forced impatiently to listen to her approvative comments on the Perils of Pearl.

"Now," he said in conclusion, "I find the old man really gone, just as the newspaper article states; there's a boy in the family, but he doesn't live at home; as for the girl, she works from 10 at night till 6 in the morning at a telephone exchange in that part of the city. This means that the house is unoccupied from 10 p. m. till 6 a. m. every night." He paused. "Lo, in your circus experience did you ever run in with any of the Houdini acts—those professionals who unlock handcuffs, get out of boxes and so forth?"

She appeared to comprehend perfectly this sudden descent into a particular line of theatrical activity. "Yes—one, Mr. Wolff. But he died of pinmoney. He——"

"Pinmoney!" ejaculated the gray-haired man in amazement. "Pinmoney?" he repeated.

"Yes, pinmoney," she asseverated without a smile. She passed a hand covered with cheap ten-cent store jewelry over her chest. "You know, Mr. Wolfff—pinmoney that chokes you all up here."

"Oh, you poor little hillbilly," the man laughed good naturedly. "For the life of me I couldn't get you at first. They call that pneumonia—not pinmoney."

He fell to pacing up and down. From his breast pocket he took a set of several sheets comprising the carbon copies of some typewritten names and addresses, and these he studied disgruntedly while the girl sat by the window delightedly gazing down at the traffic like a baby. He shook his head and sighed. "No," he said to himself, "I haven't any more capital than Jake Jennings himself. I could take a wild shot in the dark—but if I guess wrong I'm out of the game. No. I've got to play direct, just as he was forced to do. It's the only way. There isn't a shorter cut possible."

He dropped into a chair and sat thinking for a minute. Then he arose suddenly and taking up his hat turned to the girl. "You wait here, Lo," he directed. "I'm going down to the foyer and get a Carnival Review. I might pick up the person I need—at least one can never tell. If anybody could, it seems to me that Casper Wolff ought to be able."

Whereupon he left the room to go downstairs to the magazine and candy stand of the Ratagoba House, which displayed a good line of theatrical magazines and the cheaper and trashier fiction publications. In his absence, Lola continued to survey the traffic with unabated interest till a tap came on the door. She stepped over to it and answered it. A telegraph boy with soiled collar and stained uniform stood there with a yellow envelope in his hand.

'Does this fellow have this here room, lady?" He thrust the envelope in her hand.

She stared at the typewritten inscription for quite a long time. The boy fidgeted. A wave of color suffused her face. She handed the envelope back to him. "I—I lost my glasses," she faltered. "What—what is the name?"

"Casper Wolff," the boy read off.

"Yes," she told him. "Mr. Wolff—this is Mr. Wolff's room. I'll give it to him."

She took it, and a moment later when Casper Wolff returned with a rolled-up publication in his hand, she gave it to him. He tore it open and gave a cursory glance at it. "Hm," he said, "That's bad. I ought to be back tomorrow. 'Fraid that would come about. Well, I'll just have to telegraph somebody to handle it for me. That's all I can do."

He crumpled it up and stuck it in his breast pocket where reposed the carbon copies of the typewriting which he had been studying a while back. Then he unfolded the Carnival Review with its bright striped circus tent printed in colors on the cover. At the sight of the striped tent the girl Lola's face lighted up as if by magic, and she became all attention by this simple fetish.

Wolff ran his eyes over several of the pages within headed "Routes." Then suddenly he stopped. He read carefully for a minute and then looked up.

"Eureka!" he cried. "Capital. Lo, I tell you we're in luck. Pringle's carnival and circus is booked for Kensington, Ill., for three days, beginning this afternoon. And Kensington is out on the southern outskirts of Chicago, not more than an hour's ride on the Illinois Central. Talk about luck, eh, Lo! Madame Mercedes is with Pringle's circus, or was when last I did some legal business for her."

"Who's Madame Mercedes?" asked the girl, illiterately.

Casper Wolf was all suppressed excitement now. His face was the face of a man who saw glowing possibilities open to him.

"Madame Mercedes, Lo, is Kate Barwick off stage. Daughter of Dave Barwick, the first and greatest handcuff king, who reigned in circus circles way back before you were born. She's worked with Pringle's little outfit for a pretty good while now, and altho I knew Dave Barwick had a daughter, the way I first happened to meet Kate Barwick personally was when I did some legal work for her in the home town some two years ago. It seems she had signed up a contract at that time to go over with Jevon's circus, just some few days before John Pringle projected his first big South American tour, which he's been playing each year since during the winter months. Naturally since the pickings of all the acts were expected to be pretty fair on this southern circuit, Kate decided to stay on with Pringle's outfit and so came to me to get her a legal release from the Jevons outfit. I managed to get it, and it didn't cost her nearly what she'd have had to pay if she'd bought her release, for I found a flaw in Jevron's contract. So much for that.

"NOW about her act," Wolff went on after a very brief pause. "Handcuff act and all that goes with it. Just the same as her illustrious father. But, Lo, she's as good or better than Dave Barwick any day in the week. Then why isn't she on the big time, you ask? I'll tell you why. Simply because of the bad luck that she's a woman, and because she hasn't got the stage presence that comes from being handsome if not prepossessing. I've seen her work once, and I tell you, Lo, Kate can wiggle out of more handcuffs on the rube circuit, undo more padlocks, get out of more rope tangles and open more of the old-fashioned safes for the hicks than anybody doing the Houdini act on the big time today.

"Theatrical people are wont to say there's no such thing as hereditary talent in their games," Wolff continued, apparently forgetful of the intellectual status of his auditor. "They claim that association accounts for everything in that line. But when old Dave Barwick, the first handcuff king, passed out, and some years later his daughter, who had spent half of her life in a girl's college and the other half in a little one-horse town in Kansas that nobody ever heard of, stepped back on the boards with all his stunts and a good many more to boot, the wiseacres were forced to revise their opinions. She had her father beaten at his own game. In fact, Lo, it was Kate Barwick who first devised the great stunt of getting out of a wooden packing box nailed up on the stage, roped up on top of that, and then placed back of a screen."

"How does she do all them things?" asked Lola, with more than a hint of feminine jealousy glinting from the somber, childlike, almost emotionless eyes.

"Because she studies," said Casper Wolff. "Because Kate Barwick studies, and in spite of an absolutely scientific application to her lines of work she's tied down to a one-horse outfit when her name ought to be in electric lights in the big towns. I talked at some length with her the time we were doing business some two years back, for having known Dave Barwick I was more than interested in his daughter. That woman, Lo, knows intimately over one hundred and fifty different types of knots, over sixty makes of handcuff locks, has safe catalogs from every safehouse in America and Europe, and has practically a mental diagram of the internal mechanism and its location in every type of safe turned out prior to these modern thief-proof monsters.

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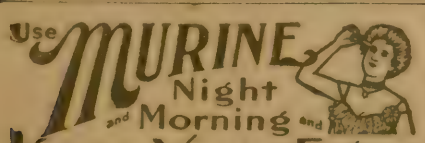

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her time by sticking with Pringle's outfit year after year." He shook his head. "But this doesn't solve our particular question, Lo; I'm going to call Kate down here to Chicago. So I want you to beat it for the balance of the afternoon. I'm going to give her a line of talk—a regular sob story that's already forming in my mind. And until you hear from me keep altogether away from my room. Kate Barwick, Lo, is going to get that Zuri snake for us or I miss my guess."

The girl arose. "All right, Mr. Wolff. I'll keep away from you. Anyway I think I want to take in all them movies down the street this afternoon. Oh, how I love movies. I'll go on back to my room now and won't come near till I hear from you." Her face took on a sudden savage look. "We'll beat Jake yet, won't we, Mr. Wolff?"

"We certainly will," said Casper Wolff fervently. But the look in his shrewd eyes would have betrayed to a more experienced observer than this childlike doll that the singular pronoun instead of the plural would have been more in keeping with his intentions.

Once Lola was out of his room he raised the receiver of his phone and asked for long distance. Getting it, he inquired in turn for Kensington, Ill. To the Chicago operator he said: "I want to speak to——" He pondered a bare moment. "Wonder if she registers under her own name or her stage name?" he said to himself. Probably her stage name in the hick burgs." Then aloud: "I want to speak to Madame Mercedes of the John Pringle Circus, due to play Kensington, Ill., today. No, I don't know the hotel the performers are registered at. The Kensington switchboard girl will undoubtedly know. There's probably no more than one hotel in the place anyway."

He had but a short time to wait before the answering ring on the wire announced that long distance had located his party. He raised the receiver. A few words sounded in his ear.

"Madame Mercedes speaking."

"Hello, Kate," said Wolff impulsively, wasting no more time on the euphonious nomenclature which belonged to the professional world. "This is Casper Wolff. You remember me?"

"Casper Wolff?" A pause. "Oh—yes. What are you doing in Chicago, Mr. Wolff?"

"Big story to that, Kate. Now listen carefully, Kate. Can you cut your act today? Can you get down to Chicago right away? I'm at the Ratagoba House across the river. I need your services and need 'em bad. And I've got a piece of easy money for you."

Madame Mercedes, or Kate Barwick of non-professional life, appeared to be ruminating over the manner in which the proposition was couched.

"You mean——"

"I mean, Kate, I've got an easy chunk of money which you might as well have as any one else. So run down on the first suburban train you can get after lunch. I want to see you very badly, and when you're here I'll go into full details."

The other end of the wire appeared to be puzzled. At length came the reply:

"All right, Casper Wolff. Look for me in about an hour. I'll be down to Chicago as soon as I can make it. The Ratagoba Hotel you say?"

And a moment later Casper Wolff was hanging up, rubbing his lean hands with a most satisfied air.

The reader will naturally wonder why Casper Wolff and the girl Lola are so anxious to get possession of the Zuri snake. What is their troublesome secret? What sort of explanation will Wolff endeavor to render to Madame Mercedes of the circus world to induce her to lend her strange talents to his enterprise of stealing the snake?

This engaging mystery story will grow stronger the longer you stay with it? Have you enjoyed it thus far? If so, you are in for still greater thrills and mystification in the chapters to come. If you can guess the solution, write us a letter. If not, write us a letter anyway and tell us how you like the work of two authors collaborating together.

Joke Hamm's Biography.

"I WANT to buy a biography," said the enthusiastic young man to the dimpled doll who sold books in a book store.

"What biography do you want?" asked the dimpled doll.

"Well, I don't want a biography of Abraham Lincoln or William Penn or any of those people who have been written about so much. I want to read about a person whose biography has been written only once by one person. Then I can say something about what I'm reading without getting into an argument with somebody who has read a different biography saying just the opposite.

"You see, to write biographies they used to get their data off tombstones and places like that, where it was sure to be complimentary and optimistic. Such a biography would give the person biographed mostly church deacons and such for ancestors; men of culture, you know. But later on, when some one else wanted to write a biography of the same man, something different had to be said. The later biographer couldn't go and copy the tombstone texts, so he had to go to the police court records and see what he could find there. And, of course, the tombstone stuff was invariably flattering, and the police court stuff just the opposite.

"There's the biography of Jacob Hamm. In the first one written Grandpa Hamm spent most of his time visiting the sick, relieving the sufferings of the poor, donating to churches and participating strenuously in general uplift and rectitude of living. Then the time rolled around for another thicker and more unabridged biography. This next biographer went to the police court records and found that Grandpa Hamm was a great fighter and all-around roughneck, who once bit a fellow's ear off in a fight over a card game.

"When a biographer goes as strong as this he makes it kind of bad for the next fellow, who has to go a little further and make the man biographed a horse thief and get him hung if possible. That's about as far as a biographer can go in the negative direction. But biographers don't always take a negative course. Some start out by making the biographee's people very humble, indeed; the humbler the better, so as to give the following biographers a chance to expand in the right direction.

"For instance, if the first biographer starts a fellow out in a log cabin with no doors or windows, and all open on one side, lean-to style, and with no floor and very little roof, then it is up to the next writer to put in a wall and windows and patch up the roof and put in one or two comforts, leaving luxury and fine fittings to be acquired later."

"What kind of book did you say you wanted?" inquired the dimpled doll.

"A biography. You won't find it there; at least, I don't think you will. You're looking under fiction."

"These are the only books I sell," replied the doll. "These right here."

"Oh, I see," replied the enthusiastic young man. "Well, give me one of them. Have you got one for 50 cents?"

Know When to Say "No."

A little boy had returned home after having been out to dinner.

Said his mother: "I trust that when it came to the extra helpings you had manners enough to say 'no'?"

"Yes, ma; I said 'no' several times."

"You did?" exclaimed his mother skeptically.

"Yes, Mrs. Stout kept asking me if I had had enough."

Tempting Fortune

(Continued From Page 9)

Francis," she said. "I will be frank with you. I do not love you, tho I do like you very much. If you care to take me, knowing this——"

But Dick caught her in his arms. "My darling," he cried, rapturously.

CHAPTER VII.

A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

DICK'S chief objection to leaving New York had been that he would leave Mr. Reginald Truesdell in full possession of the field. Having a wholesome fear of that gentleman's acuteness, he very much objected to this, and only yielded to the colonel's command to go with him to Kentucky when Rose pointed out that Mr. Truesdell would certainly investigate none the less because of his presence, and that he would be powerless to throw any obstacles in that gentleman's way, no matter how long he remained. Truesdell, she asserted, could be depended on to keep his own counsel as to what he was doing.

Dick's forebodings were perfectly correct. Truesdell was by no means satisfied that the true heirs had been found. He was silenced, that was all, and could only play for delay.

"I am the executor, you know, Mr. Francis," he had said to Dick, "and as such must protect myself. The fact that the colonel recognizes you by your likeness to his brother, together with the proofs you yourself submit, seems conclusive, but I must have court warrant before I can turn the property over to you. Now this is what you must do: File a friendly suit against me in court here to compel me to acknowledge you as Senor Francisco's heir. I shan't resist it, of course, and pretty soon the court will undoubtedly order me to pay over the property, which I shall take great pleasure in doing. Meanwhile, if you need any money, I am prepared to cash any drafts within reason that you may present."

With that Dick was forced to be content, little as he liked the situation. So he accepted Colonel Francis' invitation to visit Kentucky, leaving Truesdell to do what seemed good to him.

His presence affected Truesdell very little one way or the other. That gentleman had been hard at work searching the records, ever since Dick had first called upon him, and had not been able to find the first clew that might lead to the invalidation of the latter's claim. Thomas and Susan Cable, Dick's putative parents, he learned, had come to the city from up-State just before the supposed date of the arrival of Prescott from California. No one could be found who knew whether they had brought young Thomas, as they called him, with them or not. Certainly, no record of his birth at New York could be found anywhere. Nor was search at the former home of the Cable family more successful. None of their kin could be found nor any one who distinctly remembered them. Poor and unimportant people, they had moved from one place to another without attracting the least attention from any one who could be found. For all that Truesdell could learn Dick might well have been brought to the city by Trescote.

With Rose, the case was, if anything, still blinder. She had been left on the doorstep of the Sacred Heart Asylum a short while after Trescote had arrived in New York—a fact that she, of course, knew well when she laid her plans for the Francisco fortune. She did have a piece of gold chain around her neck, but no description of it had been kept by the asylum when she had gone away, taking it with her. "It is not uncommon for something to be left with a child," said the sister in charge, in answer to Truesdell's inquiries. "Nearly always something is left. We keep it and give it to the children when they go out in the world."

The records showed the girl's age when she left to be about 3 years, which would have been about right for Ricardo Francisco's child, and Truesdell began to despair of disproving the claim. Indeed, all the evidence pointed to its genuineness, and nothing but a sort of intuition born of years of practice that all was not right still remained in Truesdell's mind to justify his suspicions. Finally he threw up his hands.

"The rascal is either not a rascal or he's too much for me," he muttered. "I'm only wasting time. Unless something turns up he'll get the fortune."

Something, or rather, some one did turn up, however—some one whose arrival threw new light on the situation.

This was Thomas O'Malley, Senor Francisco's California partner. Truesdell had telegraphed him the news of Francisco's death and had had several letters from him, in none of which, however, had he discussed the question of Francisco's children, contenting himself with the statement that he would come to New York as soon as possible and take the matter up.

At last he arrived in the shape of a lusty young fellow, with just a trace of brogue in his speech.

Mr. Truesdell clasped his hand warmly. "I have been longing for you for weeks, Mr. O'Malley," he said. "Almost ever since Mr. Francisco's death in fact. I have been hoping you could throw some light on his finding his long lost children."

"Sure and I can. I belave you wrote me that Francisco thought he had found them—didn't you?"

"Well, not exactly. They thought that they found him," responded the lawyer, dryly.

"Ah, so that's the way of it, is it? Well, small shame to them for wishin' to be so, but they're frauds all the same. This fellow Cable is a rascal. It's no son of Senor Francisco's he is. See here, Mr. Truesdell, it's grown up in Francisco's care I've been, and I know all about his search for those children. He's had detectives after them for years and years, tho it was little they detected save items for their expense bills, until a few days ago up turns one of them and tells where the missing Prescott is living."

"Did he have any proofs of his assertion?" The lawyer leaned forward eagerly.

"Plenty. You see, he'd got wind of an old fellow living in southern California who had been with the party that rescued the children and had known Prescott—his real name is Trescote, by the way—for thirty years. He has kept up a correspondence with him almost to date. Trescote is living in Kentucky with two boys, supposed to be twins. But they're not; according to the old fellow, one of them is Francisco's son."

The lawyer whistled. "I knew there was something wrong about Cable's claim," he ejaculated. "Whereabouts in Kentucky, Mr. O'Malley."

"On a farm called Windymount, near Holton.

"By George! You don't mean it?"

"Faith and I do."

Truesdell threw himself back in his chair.

"Mr. O'Malley," he said. "The longer

(Continued on Page 25.)

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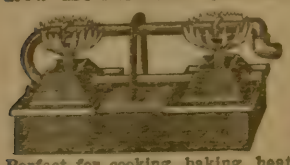

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A Cattle-land Mystery

(Continued From Page 4)

with him. He was the envy of the cowmen.

"It says it's 10 o'clock," he said. "That means it's about half-past 3 in the mornin'."

Newton nodded appreciatively. They continued their idle walking for several moments. Then, as they passed within a few rods of the Fawcett home, Newton halted abruptly in his tracks.

"Listen!" he said.

They stood motionless, listening attentively. From somewhere close came the sound of sobbing—a low, sorrowful moaning that came in broken snatches.

"It's coming from there," Doc whispered, pointing to the dark house.

Newton nodded stiffly. "You, you forget that. That's only Miss Marjorie havin' a good cry. Do you blame her, with that devil of a stepmamma she's got, and that paw?"

Doc grunted sympathetically. "I heard," he said, "that Fawcett's heart is flint, and his ribs are stone, and every time his heart beats you can see sparks fly out of his eyes."

"Sure," assented Newton grimly.

They sauntered for several moments longer, inhaling deep the invigorating night air. Then Newton again halted very suddenly, and Doc glared at him.

"That a habit?" he demanded.

"Shut up and listen!"

Again they strained their ears. They heard the million tiny night sounds of the outdoors; but above that another, a more significant sound was audible.

"I heard a—a sort of rushin'," Newton whispered. "Like a man dragging himself across the ground."

They listened again. Then a long, low, painful moan broke out, falling steadily and slowly until it sank away into the depths of despair.

"Somebody's hurt!" gasped Doc.

"Somebody sure is!" Newton snapped, starting off thru the darkness in the direction from which the sound had come.

He walked forward cautiously, Doc following close behind. The moan was not repeated, tho they listened for it. It had sounded once; but by this single utterance Newton was able, finally, to lead Doc to a plot of ground where a dark splotch loomed on the grass.

Seeing this, Newton ran forward with Doc. They halted abruptly beside the dark form on the ground.

"Somebody's hurt!" exclaimed Doc again.

Without replying, Newton stooped and touched the body lying on the ground. He pushed his hand under the motionless form's shoulder and turned its face upward. Simultaneously, the two cowmen started back. They stared at each other unbelievingly.

"Fawcett!" blurted out Doc.

At once they fell to their knees beside the prostrate form. There was no doubt it was Fawcett. Newton quickly placed his hand over the fallen man's breast; then he took a very deep breath, and said to Doc:

"He ain't breathing."

Doc was engaged in feeling Fawcett's pulse. He tested several positions of his fingers, but at last was forced to lay the limp wrist on the ground.

"No pulse," he said. "Fawcett's dead."

For a full minute they stared across at each other. Fawcett was undeniably dead. They realized that astonishing fact with difficulty. Then Doc, shuddering, managed to inquire:

"Who—who did this?"

Newton spat disgustedly. "I'm no deteckative," he growled.

"How was he killed? That wrist felt funny to me."

Again Doc lifted the wrist whose pulse he had vainly sought. He looked at it, and held it so Newton could see. The wrist was black and swollen. The entire hand was puffed thrice its normal size, and of a very dark blue color. Doc gazed at the swollen member knowingly.

"Rattlesnake," he said.

"Looks like it."

Doc, with the unfeelingness acquired in an unfinished course of study in a medical school in St. Louis, opened the curved hand and gazed at the blackened palm.

"Lookin' for the holes?" inquired Newton.

Doc nodded. He pushed the hand closer to Newton, who peered at the palm in amazement.

"Funny rattlesnake that made that," he said.

"What?"

"Look at that hole in that hand! A rattlesnake bites two little holes, close together. Look at that hole. It's an inch wide, and gapin', like the cut of a knife."

"Maybe Fawcett cut it trying to suck out the poison," Doc volunteered.

"See if he's got a knife."

Doc gingerly ran his hands over the dead man's pockets. He finished the task, then began it again.

"No knife," he said. "He might have dropped it."

"I happen to know," said Newton tartly, "that Fawcett is scared to death of knives and that he never carries one."

Doc stared at Newton nonunderstandingly.

"I means," informed Newton, "that from the looks of things, Fawcett's been knocked off by being struck with a knife poisoned with rattlesnake juice."

"A poisoned knife!" ejaculated Doc.

"Just so," affirmed Newton with conviction.

CHAPTER III.
THE INQUEST.

THE morning finally dawned upon a transformed ranch.

The night before, Newton and Doc had attended to the embarrassing duties of informing the family of the death. They had brought the body into the house; Marjorie had wept almost hysterically over this man who had treated her in an unfatherly fashion. The stolid Mrs. Fawcett, however, upon hearing the news had not fluttered an eyelid; she nad paled at first, but her color had come back into her set face, and she went about the duties that fell upon her.

Then she had sought White Wing, in the presence of several other cowmen, and had said:

"My husband's been murdered, and some man on this ranch did it. White Wing, you go for the sheriff, and then you go for the coroner at the next town. We're goin' to find out about this thing!"

White Wing mounted a pony and, early that morning, had ridden to Glenn Cove, not a long distance away.

Newton and Doc hung in each other's company continually. Over and over they narrated their experience to the gang in the bunkhouse. There was no work for them today. There were other things to attend to. They listened to the story that Newton told them. Then they turned to Ralston, who was seated silently on a bunk, and asked him his opinion of the affair.

Ralston shrugged his shoulders and refused to talk.

Doc and Newton, at this strange action, exchanged wondering glances. With the coming of dawn, Ralston had reappeared at the bunkhouse as mysteriously as he had gone.

Shortly before noon, White Wing returned from his journey to Glenn Cove, announcing that the sheriff and the coroner were coming in the coroner's rattleboard, not far behind on the road.

Soon the two officials stopped before the ranch house, and their actions were minutely noted by the group of cowmen who observed them from the shelter of the bunk house.

After an inteival, which the officials spent inside the ranch-house, the sheriff came out and walked slowly in the direction of the group of ranchers. He halted before them and surveyed them keenly.

"I want Doc Burton and Clayt Newton and Herb Ralston," he said, "and any others of you that want to testify."

The three named came forward, but no one else volunteered testimony.

"I needs a jury," the sheriff went on. "It'll be a hell of a one-sided jury, making it from you men, but I can't do no different right now. Mesquite Bob, I'll take you, and you—and you——"

In this careless manner the sheriff panelled his jury, and herded them into the ranch-house.

He brought them into the sitting-room of the house. An old organ occupied one corner of the room; a rag carpet lay before a crude bookstand, from which the coroner extracted a Bible. The sheriff deliberately arranged six chairs to one side of the room for his jury. After he seated them, he provided chairs for the witness; also one for Mrs. Fawcett, and one for the daughter of the dead man.

"Ready?" he asked the coroner finally.

That official nodded, and the sheriff stepped into the next room. He returned, followed by the gaunt, masculine Mrs. Fawcett and Marjorie, pretty, lithe, and deliciously feminine. As she entered she shot a meaning glance at Ralston, who reddened perceptibly. Newton, seated beside him, nudged him playfully. Doc peered around them seriously.

The coroner announced in a loud voice the purpose of the inquest. Then he took the Bible in his hand and said:

"I'll call on Mrs. Fawcett first."

Mrs. Fawcett rose and walked, straight and stiff, to the chair provided for the testifying witness. She sat very erect and gazed unseeingly out the door to the kitchen.

"You're Mrs. Fawcett, the widow of the dead man?" the coroner asked, after he had administered an oath.

"I am," Mrs. Fawcett answered in a growling, masculine voice.

"Tell us what happened last night, Mrs. Fawcett."

The woman blinked once; then, without a vestige of emotion, narrated the details of the last time she had seen her husband alive.

"Mr. Fawcett went out last night about 9 o'clock. He was going on business. He didn't tell me what business. I never asked him things like that."

"Believe that if you can!" Newton hissed in Doc's ear.

"That's all I know," Mrs. Fawcett said emotionally. "I didn't see him again until those two men woke me up and told me he had been murdered."

Marjorie shuddered at this cold recital.

"Know anything else?" asked the coroner.

"No."

"All right. Go back to your seat."

Mrs. Fawcett walked stiffly to her chair and sat again, in her unbending fashion.

The coroner looked over the three witnesses speculatively.

"Clayt Newton," he called.

Newton arose, took the oath, and seated himself in the witness-chair.

"Tell what you know about last night, Clayt."

"Well, last night I couldn't sleep on some account. Neither could Doc Burton. We went outside to get some fresh air. We was walkin' around the house when all at oncet we heard a groan. We ran up and found ol'—found Fawcett lying on the ground. I guess he had died before we got to him."

"That all you know?"

"Jest about."

"All right, you can go, too."

As Newton returned to his chair Doc nudged him violently. "Say, you didn't tell all of it!"

"What do you mean, there?" demanded Newton in a low voice.

"You didn't tell about Ralston bein' gone, and about Marjorie crying, and——"

"You lunkhead! I'm getting no friend of mine into trouble!"

"Justice has gotta be done."

"Aw, h—l!"

As their conversation ceased, they looked up and saw the coroner gazing at them.

"Doc Burton," called the coroner, and Doc arose.

Newton tugged at Doc's belt.

"You mention them things," he hissed so no one else could hear, "and I'll shoot you full of holes!"

"Justice's gotta be done," Doc mumbled.

He took the witness-chair, and the coroner administered the oath of truthfulness.

"You found Fawcett's body?" the coroner asked.

"Yeh."

"Tell us about it."

"Well, it was just like Clayt said. We couldn't sleep; we went outside, and heard a groan, and found Fawcett dead. He was murdered."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. I know some more."

Newton growled savagely beneath his breath.

"Well," went on Doc stupidly, "just before we found Fawcett we heard somebody cryin' inside the house. I guess it was Marjorie."

The jury sat up straight and Ralston colored. Marjorie looked straight at Doc.

"What else?" demanded the eager coroner.

"Well, just before we went outside the bunkhouse, we saw that——"

Newton leaped to his feet and jabbed a finger at Doc. "Doc Burton, you shut up!"

"I gotta tell this!" Doc snapped.

"You shut up, Doc Burton!" Newton yelled.

"I won't shut up!"

"Clayt," cried the coroner, "you sit down and be quiet!"

Ralston, from behind, gave a vigorous pull to Newton's shirt. This, more than all the entreaties flung at him from jury and witness, caused Newton to waver between sitting and standing.

"A man's been murdered," Doc stated sullenly, blinking his eyes, "and we got to get the killer. I got important testimony to tell."

Newton, with an added pull from Ralston, sank into his chair.

"Now state what you were going to, Mr. Doc Burton," invited the coroner.

"Last night," resumed the determined Doc, "just before we went outside, we looked into Ralston's bunk. He wasn't there. There was two gunnysacks of straw there, to make it look like somebody was layin' in the bunk, but Ralston was gone."

A deathly silence hung over the room as Doc finished speaking. Marjorie gasped and looked quickly toward Ralston. Ralston colored and gazed at the floor. The jury craned their necks toward the men at whom suspicion was

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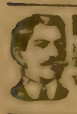

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pointing. Newton, his face red with fury, glared at Doc.

"Where did Ralston go?" demanded the coroner, breaking silence.

"I don't know. He was gone. This morning he was back again."

"Is that all, Mr. Doc?" asked the examining official.

"Yeh."

"You may go. Mr. Herb Ralston!" called the coroner with more than expected eagerness.

MARJORIE regarded Ralston with deep concern as the foreman took the witness chair and received the oath. The eager coroner launched at once into his questions.

"You're foreman here, Mr. Ralston?"

"Yes, sir," Ralston answered calmly.

"Yesterday afternoon," the coroner stated with preciseness, "you and Mr. Fawcett fought with fists, did you not?"

Ralston glanced quickly at Marjorie. "We did."

"Now, Ralston, what was that fight over?"

Ralston shook his head. "I refuse to say."

"Huh!" said the coroner.

"Use sense, there, Herb," Newton coached from his chair.

"Mr. Ralston," the coroner asked, "where were you last night?"

"I refuse to say."

"Do you know how Fawcett was killed?"

"I've heard it was by a knife poisoned with rattlesnake juice."

"What do you know about it?"

"Nothing."

"You refuse to tell us the nature of your fight with Fawcett?"

"Yes."

"You may go."

A humming came from the jury as Ralston took his seat.

Newton jabbed Doc painfully in the ribs. "See what you did, you blamed idiot?" he hissed wetly in Doc's ear. "You wait till I get you where I want you!"

The coroner stood for a moment in indecision. Then he motioned to the sheriff. That official neared the other, and for a moment they held subdued conversation. Then the sheriff turned and walked from the room. Newton, glancing thru the window, could see him trudging in the direction of the bunkhouse.

The coroner turned and spoke to the jury as tho addressing an audience.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, and the backs of the jurors stiffened in unison. "I have examined the body of the deceased and come to these conclusions: That Mr. Fawcett died from an injection of rattlesnake venom into the blood, introduced very likely by a knife poisoned with the venom. The wound is in his hand, where a snake would be very unlikely to strike.

"I will now call my next witness. Miss Marjorie."

Marjorie arose, very pale and pretty. She glanced at Ralston as she walked to the witness chair; but as she took the oath, and afterward, she avoided his eyes.

"Tell us about last night," the coroner asked.

"I know nothing of last night," she said smoothly, "except that father left the house at the time stated by Mrs. Fawcett; later I was called outside by the two men who found father."

"That all you know?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're on friendly terms with Herbert Ralston, ain't you?" the coroner asked boldly.

Marjorie answered quite without embarrassment. "Yes," she said. "He is a very dear friend of mine. We are engaged to be married."

"En-GAGED!" croaked Mesquite Bob from the jury.

"Yes," Marjorie answered. "We are engaged. All my life I have dreamed of an engagement, with a real ring. Mr. Ralston was kind enough to respect my wishes. This is his ring."

She drew on a tiny chain that encircled her neck and pulled from her bodice a diamond ring, which dangled and sparkled so that all in the room might see it.

"Yes, yes," interrupted the coroner quickly. "That is beside the point. If you are on such good terms with Ralston—why did he fight with your father yesterday?"

"He fought with my father," Marjorie answered stanchly, "because my father was unfair, overbearing—. He learned of my engagement to Mr. Ralston and his temper got the better of him. The fight was a result of that. That is all. I tell you this freely. Herb—Mr. Ralston—was too great a gentleman to draw my name into the affair."

"So that's what you were crying about last night?" demanded the irrepressible Doc, while Newton whacked him.

"It was," Marjorie answered at once.

"You may leave the stand, Miss Marjorie," the coroner said. He perceived that the girl's eyes were brimming.

As Marjorie returned to her chair, the sheriff re-entered the room, with something wrapped in his bandanna handkerchief. He whispered with the coroner, handed him the covered object, then stepped aside. The coroner hesitated a moment, shot a sharp glance at Ralston, then turned to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury, my conclusion is that Mr. Fawcett died from rattlesnake venom let into his body by the cut of a poisoned knife. Gentlemen of the jury, we have found the weapon of murder!"

The jury leaned forward in its chairs.

"Le's see it," Mesquite Bob said.

The coroner carefully unwrapped the object covered by the sheriff's bandanna. He disclosed a large hunting-knife, keen of blade and glinting. Its point presented a peculiar appearance; it was of a deep red color, and dull. The upper portion of the blade was discolored by a significant brown stain.

"Observe," said the dignified coroner, "that the tip of this blade is poisoned. This is the knife with which Fawcett was killed. Gentlemen, this knife was just found by the sheriff in the bunk allotted to Herbert Ralston!"

"What!" roared Newton.

Ralston started violently and arose. Marjorie stifled a cry. The eyes of the jury swept toward the standing man.

"If that was found in my bunk," Ralston said smoothly, "some low-down, sneakin' coyote put it there!"

The coroner waved him down.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, turning back. "We are ready for your decision."

For an age-long moment the men making up the jury buzzed with conversation among themselves. Finally they seemed to reach a decision. Mesquite Bob, as foreman of the jury, arose, rubbing his thighs with his palms embarrassedly. He glanced from Ralston to the coroner.

"Beggin' your parding, ladies," he said, "but we hates like h—l to do this."

The coroner coughed and frowned.

"We, the jury," Mesquite said, "finds that ol' Mr. Fawcett was killed by a poisoned knife handled by a person or peoples unknown—most likely Herbert Ralston."

Marjorie sobbed. Mrs. Fawcett at last leaned back in her chair. Newton gave a vicious jab into Doc's ribs. Mesquite, blinking furiously, sat down again.

The sheriff stepped toward Ralston.

At that instant the crash of glass filled the room; one of the panes of the window broke, scattering fragments of glass among the men. A loud thump sounded, and a heavy object skidded across the top of the table. Newton, with his characteristic quickness of mind, scrambled for it.

It was a rock, wrapped with paper. Quickly Newton unwrapped it and held the sheet before his eyes.

"Nobody outside!" Mesquite called, peering out the broken window.

"Listen to this!" Newton exulted. "'Ralston didn't kill Fawcett,' it says. Get that?"

The sheriff frowned at the elated Newton."

"I goes by no notes throwed thru windows," he growled. "Herbert Ralston, I arrest you for the murder of Mr. Fawcett. Come on quietly to the Glenn Cove jail."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SINGULAR STRANGER.

THE setting sun made the west red. Ralston watched its crimson fade to gray from behind the bars of his cell window. Then darkness lowered, quickly, and the lights of the town within his view pierced the darkness yellowly. He watched them for a long time, scanning each motion of every man who came trudging up the short length of street which lay before him. When it was very late, he sighed resignedly, and drew away from the window.

He tossed restlessly on his cot. The interior of the jail was very dark and silent. Ralston vainly tried to sleep; tried to calm his mind by calling up memories—of Marjorie, almost wholly. He swelled with pride as he remembered her valiant admissions at the inquest. Then thoughts of that examination made him solemn, more sleepless, and he made to rise again.

Then soft and quick came the sound of hoofbeats approaching the jail. Ralston waited breathlessly. The falling of the approaching horse's hoofs came loudly and more loudly—until finally they seemed to halt just outside Ralston's window!

"Ralston!" a low voice called.

Ralston stepped quickly to the window. The darkness outside was dense, and he could see nothing more than the blurred figure of a man on a horse.

"Here!" he whispered hoarsely.

"So they got you, did they?"

"They got me, all right!"

The voice didn't answer for a moment. It was a strange voice—the voice of no one usually in the neighborhood of the four ranches with which the country was familiar.

"The sheriff didn't pay attention to my note, did he?"

"No. Said he wasn't going by any notes throwed in thru windows."

"Where's he live?"

"Don't know."

"What do you know about that murder?" the strange voice demanded.

"Nothing."

"How did that knife get in your bunk?"

"Don't know."

"You leave it there?"

"No."

"Think the killer left it there?"

"Sure!"

There followed another brief silence. The stranger on the horse broke it.

"Ralston, I need you tonight."

"And I need you!"

"I'm getting things rounded up. Going back pretty soon."

"Back to Chicago?"

"Yes."

"Boss, I couldn't explain about being away last night—not even to Marjorie."

"Of course not."

"You playing for me tonight?"

"I certainly am so. I need you badly tonight, Ralston!"

"Well, I don't see as row I can help you."

"You can't help me unless you're out."

"I don't see a chance of gettin' out."

"It has got to be done! My whole chances will fail if I haven't got you!"

"Haven't got a saw with you, have you?" Ralston asked half humorously.

"Nothing like that. Ralston, I've got to have you tonight!"

"Can you get me out?"

"Yes, I can!"

"What!"

"I can!"

"You can, boss?"

"I can, and I will!"

"Then go to it!"

Without waiting the horseman whirled his animal and spurred it away from the jail. It was quickly engulfed in the darkness; but its hoofbeats could be heard pounding the ground until it had run far into the distance.

Then Ralston, breathing more freely with relief, returned to his bunk and dropped into a light doze.

This story will be concluded in the second installment, to appear in the Ledger next week. There will be several more lengthy chapters before the mystery of the rancher's death is cleared up. Where and who are the rustlers who stole Fawcett's and other ranchers' cattle? Who is the stranger who has promised to get Ralston out of jail—and how will he do it? There's a lot more to this mystery story, but next week's Ledger will tell it all. Don't miss the concluding part.

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Tempting Fortune

(Continued From Page 22)

I live, the less I am surprised by queer coincidences. Do you know where your friend Francis—or Francisco—had his old Kentucky home?"

"It was little he said of that. I never knew his name was Francis till I saw it in the papers. Of course I didn't press him about his antecedents. It isn't altogether healthy to be too curious about a man out in California. Where was his home?"

"Out near Holton, a small place in Kentucky.

"What! Is that a fact?"

"Yes," exclaimed the lawyer. "If your information is correct, this man Trescote is living almost next door to Richard Francis' former home—the present home of his brother, Col. Ralph Francis. We must start for there at once."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE BLIND GOD.

COLONEL FRANCIS welcomed Mr. Truesdell and O'Malley warmly. He was interested greatly in the latter's tale about his old neighbor, Colonel Trescote, but plainly considered its importance to lie in the relationship of the various claimants to the Francis family, rather than their being heirs to the immense fortune. "Well, well, well," he said when the case had been laid before him. "That's ve'y interesting, ve'y interesting. So one of Trescote's sons may be my nephew. Well! Well! They're both fine boys, but Dick is a fine boy, too. And there's Rose—as sweet as a peach, suh."

"But which——" began Mr. Truesdell.

The colonel interrupted him. "I beg yo' pardon, gentlemen. Of course, you want to know which is the heir—Stephen or Henry Trescote. So should I like to know, but I don't. I've known old Trescote all my life, an' I never heard of his having an adopted son. Henry and Stephen were born while he was away in the Southwest, an' he never said anything about either of them being adopted."

Truesdell rose. "If you'll pardon me, colonel," he said. "I think I'll go over and ask him at once. It isn't far, is it?"

"About two thousand miles, more or less, suh. Mr. Trescote is out West somewhere—in Montana, I believe. His boys are staying with us now. I'll send for them." Stepping to the door, the colonel called aloud.

His daughter Laura answered. She and Bessie Lecourt had been talking in the big hall and now came forward. "The boys are on the way home now, father," she said. "See, there they come." She pointed down the road, where in the distance, a cloud of dust betokened the coming of two horsemen.

The colonel looked. "Sure enough!" he exclaimed. "It's they. You've got good eyes, Laura. But come, and let me present my friends."

Laura was looking particularly lovely that morning, and O'Malley caught his breath as he looked. Tall, her complexion as fair as a lily, her hair black as night, yet lustrous, prisoning the sunbeams, her eyes two far-away stars gleaming under the dark crescents of her eyebrows, her cheeks red with the bright tropic hues of the rose glowing thru the transparent skin, her teeth two rows of whitest pearls—O'Malley had never seen such a regal beauty. He surrendered to her—unconditionally—at her first glance. Never again would he be the same happy, careless Tom O'Malley among his associates. Love had entered his life at a bound, and would never be driven out again; it had sobered him with its mighty power.

Laura, on the other hand, looked on O'Malley with an interest that rapidly increased as she gazed. It is not fair to tear aside the veil of maiden modesty and say that she fell in love with him at first sight, as he did with her, but it must be admitted that from that very hour she felt Cupid's wings fluttering around her head, fanning her cheeks with perfumed breezes.

O'Malley stood open-mouthed staring at the girl, forgetful of time and place, until a faint color surged into her cheeks and the voice of the colonel recalled him to himself.

"Laura," he was saying, "let me introduce you to my friends, Mr. O'Malley and Mr. Truesdell. Mr. Truesdell has just told us a very strange story about our friends, the Trescotes."

The girl smiled. "About the Trescote's?" she repeated, "What is it, Mr. Truesdell?"

In a few words Truesdell laid the case before the girl. "Now, Miss Francis," he concluded, "can you tell me which is Trescote's real son and which is the adopted?"

But Laura shook her head. "I don't know," she said, "I never dreamed that either was adopted. But here they are. You can ask them yourself."

Truesdell did so, but neither lad knew anything. They had always supposed themselves to be brothers, and the suggestion to the contrary came as a great surprise to them. Finally, Truesdell closed the discussion. "Clearly," he said, addressing the boys, "the only thing to do is to telegraph to your father, and wait his reply."

The boys nodded. "Sure," they said, together. "We'll wire at once."

The colonel rose. "Gentlemen," he said. "You will want to go to your rooms. Stephen! Henry! Will you show these gentlemen to the rooms next to yours."

Scarcely were the two out of earshot when Bessie burst into a peal of laughter—and turned to the colonel.

"Did you ever in your life before see anything like it?" she cried. "Did you see the way Laura and this Mr. O'Malley gazed at each other, and blushed—did you see them blush, colonel. It's the worst case I ever saw in my life."

"Worst case—why what on earth do you mean?" demanded the colonel, who, manlike, had seen nothing. "Who has been bl——"

But Laura burst in. "I do think you are the meanest thing I ever saw, Bessie Lecourt!" she cried, her cheeks now flaming in very earnest. "You are just horrid and I hate you! There now!" Her pretty foot came down with a stamp and she looked the picture of rage. The next instant she burst into tears and rushed sobbing from the room, followed by Bessie, quickly repentant.

"Good heavens! What is the matter?" demanded the colonel in helpless amazement. But nobody answered him and after a moment he shook his head blankly. "Oh, well," he muttered, "it doesn't matter; nothing matters now except to find Mr. Trescote—and that's easily done."

But Mr. Trescote was not found quite so easily as had been hoped. His business, it appeared, had taken him into the mountains of western Montana and it took some time to reach him. Meanwhile things were happening in Kentucky.

CHAPTER IX.

"PRESS THIRD TILE, FOURTH ROW."

IF THIS story were a work of imagination, the snarl created by Rose in the love affairs of Stephen Trescote and Bessie Lecourt would naturally require a whole volume to straighten out. But being a veracious record of fact, a paragraph will suffice. In truth, neither Stephen nor Bessie were qualified to act as do lovers in fiction. When Bessie was cold—as she was at the next meeting of the two—Stephen simply demanded an explanation—and got it. Then Bessie wanted to know a few things and was promptly informed as to them. The result was that ten minutes' frank conversation knocked Rose's fine plans higher than a kite. What her ultimate object was, the others, of course, did not know, but what she had attempted to do was sufficiently clear. Moreover, Bessie strongly suspected that Dick was a party to the plot, whatever it might be. His profession of love had been too sudden.

Long before Mr. Trescote was heard from, Bessie had quietly told Dick that she had mistaken her feelings towards him and withdrawn her plight. And the two claimants had sunk tremendously in the popular estimation. For nobody ever kept anything to themselves in Holton's immediate neighborhood.

Dick had made little protest. The new developments had crushed him. The anxiety he had manifested when he thought he had discovered the real Rose, was nothing to that which he showed when the real Dick Francis seemed about to appear on the scene. Even the colonel's unfailing courtesy and kindness did not comfort him. In fact, his first impulse was to abandon the whole fight and run away in the night. Probably he would have done this had he been alone. But the stronger will of quick-witted Rose, the quondam nurse, prevented him.

"What's the use of giving up," she protested. "Nothing is ever lost until it is lost. And we can't lose anything that we haven't lost already. I suppose the game is up, but so far they can't prove anything against us except a mistake. To run away would only be to confess to something worse."

The young doctor shuddered. "All right," he said. "I'll stay. But I wish I could do something. It's hard to wait for the ax to fall."

"You can do something. Intercept the telegram from Montana when it comes and see what it says. Then perhaps—I only say perhaps—we may be able to save the situation yet, hopeless as it looks now."

So Dick stayed on, haunting the entrance to the grounds and watching for the messenger.

At last his vigilance was rewarded. The dispatch came and was surrendered into his hands without question by the messenger, who trudged away, whistling, with a quarter in his pocket.

As soon as he had gone, Dick deftly opened the envelope and read its contents. They were brief:

"Story too long to wire. Coming home at once. Press third tile, fourth row, main hall. Ask Colonel Francis."

Dick knitted his brows over this. What it meant he could not guess, puzzle his brains as he might. But Rose's quicker intelligence speedily formed the solution.

"Main hall," she quoted. "Humph! That must mean the hall in Trescote's house. It's tiled, I know. You remember I went there with Laura to get something the other day. 'Third tile, fourth row' means the location of a secret panel. Press it and you'll find some papers or something behind it."

"Yes! Yes!"

"You must go there at once and see what you can find. Break in if necessary and procure any documents. Perhaps we can destroy all the proofs, and if so—we still have the chain and cuff button, you know, and they are hard to get over. But you must get or destroy his proofs. Go quick."

"And this message."

"I'll seal it again and take it up to the house in half an hour. That will give you time. Go."

More haste, more speed. The fable of the hare and the tortoise is realized over and over again in real life. Mishaps befall the hare even when hastening at its best speed, and the humble tortoise slips thru the lines, unnoticed. So it was with Dick. Everything seemed to conspire to delay his arrival at Windymount. He tripped and strained his ankle; he heard some one coming along the road toward him and turned aside to avoid being seen; and he seemed to chance on all the hardest ways of getting into the house before finding an open window in the cellar. The upshot was that when Rose, thinking he must have completed his mission, sent the re-sealed telegram by a servant to Laura Francis (the colonel not being at home). Dick was still outside the house.

Knowing from whom the telegram must be, Laura did not hesitate to open it and read its contents to Bessie Lecourt and Mr. O'Malley, who happened to be present. It did not take the three very long to decipher the meaning of the message.

"The hall at Mr. Trescote's is paneled just as yours' is," exclaimed Laura, glancing around as she spoke. "There must be a secret cupboard in it. I've got the keys and I think I'll go straight over and see."

"We'll all go," cried Bessie.

And go they did, reaching the door at Windymount in time to frighten away Dick, who had just begun to search for the secret panel, and to drive him to take refuge in the cellar, where, quaking with fear and rage, he watched the trio searching.

AN EMPTY house is a creepy thing at best even in town, surrounded by other houses filled with people. Go house hunting with an assortment of keys obtained from a real estate dealer, and even the prosaic nature of the employment will not prevent your heart from beating somewhat faster when you enter a vacant building. The ghost of the former inmates seem to meet you at the threshold and prepare you back as if jealous of your intrusion. There is a faint shut-up smell in the air that makes you think of their haunts, death and corruption. The graves and know who may be lying in wait for you upstairs.

This is in the city; in the country the feeling is the same, but it is intensified, especially when the shades of night are falling. There is no one to hear

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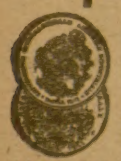

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help in case of need. The feeling of strenuous life near at hand is wanting; the atmosphere of the living is absent, while that of the dead seems closer than ever. Until you have thrown open the windows and let in God's sunlight there seems to be something unholy, terrifying, oppressive, about the place. This perhaps explains how Laura, hearing a door slam suddenly, uttered a cry, and precipitated herself into Tom O'Malley's arms, which somehow seemed quite ready to receive her.

"Glory," he exclaimed. "Don't be afraid at all, at all, mavourneen; it's all right, all right."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" sobbed the girl convulsively.

"There! There! Laura, it's all right, dear," said Bessie, half laughing. "It was only the draught that slammed the door upstairs somewhere."

Laura raised her head suddenly from its resting place. "Oh!" she cried, as with a sudden movement she freed herself from O'Malley's arms and stood up, blushing furiously. "Oh! Mr. O'Malley! What can you think of me."

"Think of ye! Think of ye! I think ye are the swatest creature that iver wore shoe leather. But don't call me Misther O'Malley. Call me Tom, swateheart."

Laura paled; then blushed; then put her hands in O'Malley's again. "Tom, then," she said solemnly.

Meanwhile Bessie was seeking for the secret cabinet. The hall was large and high, with a flight of stairs on either side leading to a landing that ran, balcony fashion, across the rear wall. This wall, below the level of the landing, was set with tiles. Laura stooped and pressed on. It did not move; she tried another, with no better results. "Third tile, fourth row," she muttered. "Which corner, I wonder, and is it the third tile in the fourth vertical or the fourth horizontal row?" She moved over to another corner and tried again, equally without results. Then she turned to the others. "Any suggestions?" she asked "I don't seem to find the right tile."

Laura and O'Malley came forward.

"What is it?" asked the latter, and Bessie explained in words which, while perhaps somewhat tangled, yet made the situation clear enough by their multiplicity.

"Faith," said O'Malley, when she had finished. "It may be any one of eight panels, four low down and four high up. We'll try them all. This one first."

"This" was one in the right upper corner out of reach of the girls. O'Malley placed his hand upon it and pressed it with all his might, but it did not move. He examined it closely for a concealed spring, but could find none. He pressed it up and down and across ways, but still it remained immovable. "It feels as solid as a stone wall," he remarked. "Maybe it's one of the others."

But the others gave no better results. Rapping on the wall gave back a dull, heavy sound. "Sure, there's no cabinet behind any of these," said O'Malley at last. "Unless it's muffled, or the door is moighty thick. Let me peruse that telegram again."

Laura handed it to him, and he read it aloud slowly. "Faith," he said, "that's clear as Galway mud, but I don't seem to be able to see thru it at all, at all. The only way I see to open the door now is to break it open. Or, if you say so, I'll dig out the tiles with me knife."

But Laura shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't think we are justified in that. The papers are safe enough wherever they are, and can stay there half an hour longer. Father will be home from town by now, and I think he'll know about them. The dispatch says to ask him, you see."

O'Malley hesitated. "Suppose I leave you here and run over to the house to get the colonel," he suggested. "You don't mind staying here alone, do you?"

The girls did not mind in the least, and O'Malley was quickly off, running down the hillside like a boy.

Meanwhile Dick, furious at the fate that seemed to lie in wait for his every effort, had been raging up and down the cellar. The pain of his strained ankle, added to his other misfortunes, made him almost beside himself. "Another minute!" he muttered. "Only one minute more, and I should have had the papers safe. Oh! To fail when so close to success!"

Noiselessly he crept to the top of the cellar steps and listened to the conversation, and learned with surprise and delight that the papers could not be found. But when O'Malley started back to the other house to get Colonel Francis, his anxiety rose to fever heat. "Only two girls to stand in my way," he muttered. "If I could only—— But I can't." He wrung his hands in helpless rage.

Then again he straightened up. "By heavens," he cried, "they shan't get them; they shan't; they shan't; they shan't. I'll burn the house down first."

The words seemed to have come of themselves, or as if spoken by some outside person. As Dick uttered them, he stopped suddenly in his tracks. "Burn the house down," he repeated dully. I'll do it. That will end their evidence for good and all."

Back into the cellar he slipped and looked around him. Against a wooden wall stood two barrels of trash. Dick drew a match from his pocket, scratched it, and threw it into one of them. Instantly the flames flashed up.

So quickly did they spread that he was frightened. Quickly he turned and made for the window by which he entered. In the lurid darkness he tripped; his wounded ankle gave way; and he fell, striking his head so violently against a heavy box that his senses fled.

Five minutes later the house was a mass of flames, and in five more, before the shrieks of the girls could bring aid, the roof had fallen in.

CHAPTER X.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE fire burned itself out within an hour, after destroying the greater part of the building, and the Francis household, leaving the negroes raking over the yet glowing embers, returned home for dinner, excitedly discussing the origin of the fire and its bearings on the Francisco heirs, as they went.

"I believe there was some one in the house," declared Laura, excitedly. "Don't you remember when that door slammed? And just before the fire broke out Bessie and I both thought we heard a noise in the cellar. Oh! Tom, do you think there could have been some one there?"

O'Malley knitted his brows. "Sure, I don't know," he answered. "But I do know that it came moighty pat to the minute."

The two girls stared at him. "What on earth do you mean," demanded Laura.

"I mean that it's a hard time the Trescote lads may have to prove their right to the Francisco fortune now that their proofs are burned."

Bessie and Laura looked at each other in consternation. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the former. "You don't mean ——"

"I mane that I don't like these New York claimants. Oh! I know the colonel thinks they are honest, but I don't. Either they are the real Francis children or they are swindlers, and it's the latter I believe they are. I believe their whole story is a lie."

"But——"

"But they've got some proofs, eh, they have. But how did they get 'em? By fraud. They had full o' chance of Senor Francisco for days while he was dying, and there were plenty of chances to steal. And if they did steal their proofs, they're none too good to burn a house to destroy the other fellow's proofs."

"But how did they know any proofs were there?"

"Sure, and I don't know, but I believe it some way. Where is they got wind up, Dick, today, anyhow?" that young s of the girls could tell.

But neither only say that Dick had not been see for several hours.

"Ah, young impostor is at the bottom find the whole thing, see if you don't. I of the hope Mr. Trescote can prove his only without whatever he had hid in the cellar, so I do."

As O'Malley finished, the trio reached home, just at the moment that Colonel Francis, Mr. Truesdell, and the Trescote boys rode up. They had come from the opposite direction and knew nothing about the fire.

Explanations were quickly given and consternation reigned in the minds of the newcomers when they learned that the papers supposed to be concealed in the house must have been destroyed.

"You must have known something about them, father," said Laura at last. "The dispatch said to ask you."

"Me!" ejaculated the colonel. "Why, no, I don't know— Let me see that dispatch, Laura."

Laura passed it over and the colonel studied it intently. Suddenly he started. "By the Almighty!" he cried. "I had forgotten." He hurried into the hall, to meet Rose coming down the steps.

"Ah, here, Rose, my dear," he exclaimed. "You are younger than I. Climb up on this chair and press the third tile in the fourth row from the top there."

Rose's face grew white, and she gasped. "Here! Here! Here! Oh! We've lost! We've lost!"

Unheeding, the colonel swept on: "Up now! Quick. That's it. That's the panel yonder. Press it hard." Then as the girl obeyed, and the panel swung outward: "Give me those papers, please, my dear."

Mechanically Rose handed him the packet, and he turned to face the others, who were hurrying towards him. "Friends all," he cried. "Here is the solution of the tangle. I had it in my hands all the time and did not know it. A dozen years ago Trescote gave me this packet, saying that some day it might be of great importance. He wanted me to put it in a secret cabinet I had behind the third tile in the fourth vertical row of the upper left-hand corner of the hall, the secret of which was known to him. I did so and they have remained there ever since. Here it is. You see, Trescote meant the hall here, and not at his own house. Take it, suh."

He held out the packet to Truesdell, who took it, broke the seal and drew out the enclosures. All held their breath with suspense as he rapidly ran his eye down it. Then he uttered an exclamation and looked around him, evidently sorely troubled.

"Well! Well! Why don't you speak? Who is it? Who gets the money?" It was Rose who questioned.

Mr. Truesdell looked up. "According to this paper," he answered slowly and solemnly, "Dr. Cable is the son of Ricardo Francisco."

For a moment stupefaction held all silent, then the colonel spoke: "Won't you explain a little, Mr. Truesdell," he saidy.

"Willingly," answered the old lawyer. "Mr. Trescote tells here of his taking a baby boy from some Indians in Texas and bringing him back East with him. His wife died on the voyage, however, leaving two sons, twins, Henry and Stephen. The extra boy was a great burden on him, and when an old New York friend of his, one Thomas Cable, volunteered to adopt the lad, he agreed gladly. There can be no doubt about it. The person we know as Dr. Cable is the true son of Ricardo Francisco."

"And Dick and I will get the money?" Rose was on her feet, wild with excitement.

"Dick inherits, undoubtedly," replied the lawyer, coldly. "But I see no mention here of you."

Rose laughed harshly. "Dick and I stand together," she retorted. "You can't get over that."

"I think we can," exclaimed a voice, and Mr. Lecourt and his daughter came forward. "Bessie has just told me," he said turning to the others, "of the way in which Mr. Francis lost his children. If I could have known of it before I could have cleared up the mystery of the girl, at least. I myself rescued a baby girl from the Indians at Cactus Canyon, Texas, and——"

Rose laughed scornfully. "Yes," she cried, "and she's your daughter Bessie, of course. Oh! Of course! of course! Everybody in Kentucky went around rescuing babies from Indians twenty-five years ago. Of course."

Mr. Lecourt waited till Rose finished; then he proceeded calmly. "I kept this child for about a year until she died. There can be doubt that she was Rose Francis p that she has been dead for early quarter of a century."

Rose, or rather Martha Jones, sank back in her chair gasping. Then she pulled herself together with a mighty effort. "Well!" she said. "I suppose you think you've beaten me. But you haven't. Dick will be here soon, and he'll show you that you can't treat his sister so. Where is Dick, anyway?" Defiantly she gazed around her.

"That's what I'd like to know," remarked O'Malley. "I'd like to ask him about that fire. It's sure I am he can tell something about it."

Rose tossed her head scornfully and stepped to the door, evidently hoping to see something of the doctor. She did not see him, but pat to the moment a dozen panting negroes came rushing up.

"Mr. Dick done dead," gasped the foremost.

Explanations came after a little. The doctor's body had been found in a part of the cellar that reached out from under the main house and that in consequence had not been whelmed by the falling of the roof. Untouched by the fire, he had been suffocated by the smoke.

"Sure and I though so," exclaimed O'Malley when the story was told. "He set the house on fire to destroy those papers, not knowing that he was the real heir. It's tough luck, so it is."

When Rose heard the whole story she threw back her head and looked round her with dry and angry eyes. "I suppose you think the game is up now, sure enough," she said defiantly. "But I've still got my proofs, and I'll fight you thru every court in the land."

Mr. Truesdell came forward. "You haven't a leg to stand on, Miss—ah—Jones, isn't it?" he said. "Not one. You made away with the original chain and cuff-button of Senor Francisco's when you were acting as his nurse. You ought to be sent to jail for it. But at the earnest request of Colonel Francis (who is now the heir of his brother, Dick being dead) I will make you an offer. Give me a written confession of your theft and your plot and I will give a thousand dollars—cash—and let you go in peace. Refuse, and I promise that I will use my best efforts to send you to the penitentiary. Choose!"

Rose pondered for a moment, and then nodded. "All right," she said. "I confess. I manufactured the proofs. I'll go and write it all down for you. Meanwhile you can get the money ready for me, and have a team hitched up to take me to the station. Lord! I'll be glad to get away from this poky old place."

THE END.

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

Dr. E. E. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box 891, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, Bilious Colic, Jaundice, indigestion. Send name for Free Book today. Adv.

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Her Sense of Fitness.

LITTLE Ethel had lost her grandfather. A few days after the funeral she asked her mother if she could play the piano a little while.

"No, dear, don't you know that we are in mourning?" her mother replied.

"Well," insisted the disappointed child, "I don't think it would be wicked if I only played on the black keys."

Knew What He Wanted

"MUMMY, what are you going to give me for my birthday?"

"Oh, anything to keep you quiet."

"Well, I don't think anything will keep me quiet except a drum."

It Seems Peculiar.

OUR elevator boys says:

"Newspaper guys are funny. Whenever they meet they always ask, 'What do you know?' The other says, 'Nothing,' and then the paper next morning is filled with news."

What Hurt.

DICK—Wonder what made Patty cry so when the doctor took the X-ray?

Dolly—She was afraid he would see how naughty she was inside.

The Come-back.

FIRST BOY (contemptuously)—Huh! Your mother takes in washin'.

Second Boy—Sure she does! You don't s'pose she'd leave it out all night so long's your father ain't in jail, do yer?

It Rose to Meet Him.

JIM—Did you hurt yourself much when the branch broke?

Lem—No; not until I reached the ground.

Good Proposition.

DAD—Tommy, if you'll saw some wood I'll tell you what I'll do.

Tommy—What's that, Dad?

Dad—I'll let you have the sawdust to play circus with.

Something to Make Thinkers Think

Buried Words.

366—All the words have the same number of letters. Example: Find atmosphere in an elf. Answer: F-air-y.

1. Find a boy in a cleared space in a forest.
2. Find a beverage in a slice of meat for broiling.
3. Find an edge in wickedness.
4. Find a domestic animal in a frown.
5. Find a single spot on a card or dice.
6. Find frozen water in more delicate and pleasing.
7. Find a gardening implement in footwear.
8. Find a squirming fish in lively Scottish dances.

Primal Acrostic.

367—All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell an honored group of persons.

Crosswords: 1. One who supports a cause or an institution. 2. Interior 3. Affectionate. 4. A game bird. 5. Agitated. 6. Strictly attentive. 7. Tiny. 8. Useful to an equestrian.

Hidden Mountains.

368—1. Don't forget, naughty child.
2. Ho, Odin, come this way.
3. I believe rest is good for workers.
4. It is now done.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

363—Changed Primals.

Book, look, rook, cook, nook.

364—Hidden Plants Beginning With "D."

1. Daisy.
2. Daffodil.
3. Dandelion.

365—Four-word Square.

I R I S
R I D E
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S E A L

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Must Have the Latest.

"PA, I have just been reading about a dinosaur."

"Well, don't say nothin' to your ma about it; she'll be wantin' one for the dinin'-room."

Bless Her Heart.

LITTLE Girl—Papa, it's raining.

Papa (whose temper is somewhat ruffled)—Well, let it rain.

Little Girl (timidly)—I was going to, papa.

Not in History.

WILLIE (reading book)—"Paw, can you tell me about Bunker Hill?"

Paw (golf fan)—"Nope, but I can tell you about the bunker I ran into this morning on the course."

How Papa Was Betrayed.

MOTHER—Come, Bobbie, don't be a little savage; kiss the lady.

Bobbie—No, she's a naughty lady. If I kiss her she may give me a slap just as she did to papa.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROcery store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, toilet articles and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money investment. Take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

MAKE $300.00 TO $500.00 MONTH DISTRIButing Speedoline; permanent work; exclusive territory; automobile free. Write for particulars. Speedoline Co., Dept. 216, Dallas, Texas.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS—$2.00 AN HOUR—HACKETT DID it first half day. 240 light weight, fast selling, snappy looking, popular priced home necessities. 100% clean profit on big sellers. Experience or capital unnecessary. Free case and freight refunded to workers. Send postal Dept. No. 59, E. C. Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—CLEAN UP $100 WEEKLY WITH "Nifty Nine"; weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers, all daily necessities. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 409, Chicago.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36-68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

HOUSEWIVES BUY HARPER'S INVENtion on sight. New business. No competition. Ten-Use set is combination of ten indispensable household necessities. $7.50 to $30.00 a day easily. Write for Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, 104 A Street, Fairfield, Iowa.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

WRITE AND LEARN HOW TO START profitable business without capital or experience. Silvering mirrors, refinishing auto headlights, tableware, plating. Outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

BECOME OUR LOCAL SALESMAN, SELLing high grade shoes direct to consumer, whole or part time. Liberal commission. Capital or experience not necessary. Tanners Shoe Manufacturing Co., 432 C street, Boston, Mass.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware. Complete working outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS' PROFITS AMAZING. REMARKable new invention. Saves every pig in litter. Every farmer or hog-breeder buys dozen to hundreds. Exclusive territory. Hurry! Sales Mgr., 14, Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen. a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS—BEST-LOOKING, biggest value. Manufacturer to wearer. Every order nets profit $1.50-$2.25. Write for winning sales plan. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863-B, Third Ave., New York.

EASY MONEY. NO DELIVERING. Conceal day's supply in your pockets. Sells for 15c. 200% profit; universal demand. Sample free. C. C. Manufacturing Co., A522, Dayton, Ohio.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

AGENTS—MAKE $3.00 AN HOUR WITH our five famous cleansers and polishes needed in every home. We show you how. W. B. Williams, Dept. 20, Montclair, N. J.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D-32, Parsons, Kans.

GET OUR FREE SAMPLE CASE—TOILET articles, perfumes and specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WORLD'S FASTEST AGENT'S SELLER. 300% profit. Needed in every home and store. Establish permanent business. Premier Mfg. Co., 503 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS, "BIG MONEY" SELLING "PACKard shirts," direct to wearer proposition; entirely new; samples free. Write today. Packard Shirt Co., 19 So. Wells St., Chicago.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

MEN-WOMEN-GIRLS OVER 17 WANTED. U. S. Government steady positions, $100 to $195 month. Quick sure raise. Paid vacation. Short hours. Common education sufficient. Experience unnecessary. Write immediately for free list of positions now open. Franklin Institute, Dept. M26, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN UP TO $300 MONTHLY, LIVING EXpenses paid, in hotel work. Splendid opportunities for trained men and women—many openings. All positions pay well. We have more than we can fill. 50,000 hotel positions to be filled the coming year. We train you at home. Send for free booklet. Standard Business Training Inst., 230 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

SEND $1 FOR TWO MAIL-ORDER PLANS and five formulas whereby you can earn $10 a day at home. John James, Box 912, Nashville, Tenn.

$133 MONTH. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

TRAINED NEWSPAPER REPORTERS ARE in demand everywhere. You can learn this thrilling profession by mail. Newspapermen on big city dailies will teach you. When you qualify they will show you how to secure positions. Write for details. Chicago School of Reporting, 2201 Transportation Building, Chicago, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write for details explaining guaranteed positions. J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, Dept. DE, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency. 126, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work at home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Captain Wagner, 1964 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

WANTED—LOCAL MANAGER IN EACH county for outdoor advertising. Big pay. Whole or spare time. No experience required. S. Meyer, 211 Seventh, Louisville, Ky.

WANTED: CONFIDENTIAL INFORMAtion from your locality; spare time or steady employment. Write American Investigating Service, M130, Bandon, Oregon.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150, later $250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

BOYS—MEN BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXperts. $45 week. Earn while learning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. M404, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DEsiring plain home sewing. No canvassing. City; country; to prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents for sample IMF, Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

WOMEN-GIRLS. LEARN MILLINERY AT home. $125 month. Spring demand. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M804, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—WOMEN—GIRLS, BECOME gown designers, $35 week. Spring demand. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M505, Rochester, N. Y.

JEWELRY

FREE — BEAUTIFUL "HORESHOE-NAILring," sterling silver, solid gold horseshoe top, genuine garnet stone. Write today. Cognito, Elizabeth, N. J.

POULTRY

"BABY-CHICKS." ALL BREEDS, THORObred, certified "heavy-egg-production." Popular prices. Incubators, brooders, poultry supplies. Write now—Big free 60-page 1923 Poultry Calendar Book. Elwood M. Pusey, East Liverpool, Ohio.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

HEMSTITCHING, PICOTING AND SHIRring, all neatly done with our guaranteed attachment. The quick easy way. Fits all machines. A turn of the screws and it's on to stay, or off in same manner. Latest thing out and fully guaranteed to do the work. Price with instruction, $2.50. Oriental Novelty Co., Box 11, Corpus Christi, Texas.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

50C AN ACRE CASH; BALANCE EASY monthly payments, buys deed to 10 acres oil land on greatest oil structure in Texas. Ten acres may become worth $200,000. Big drilling campaign planned. Buy now ahead of drill. Post card brings full particulars. No obligation. Gulf Realty Company, 345 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

MONEY IN GRAIN. $12.50 BUYS GUARantees on 10,000 bu. wheat. No further risk. Movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400; etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MONEY IN COTTON—$10 BUYS GUARANtees on 20 bales cotton. No further risk. Movement of $10 bale apportunity take $200, etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors Guide, Room 412, 63 Wall St., New York.

OIL—$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO land and interest in well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS—WRITE TODAY FOR FREE instruction book and Evidence of Conception blank. Send sketch or model for examination and opinion; strictly confidential. No delay in my offices; my reply special delivery. Reasonable terms. Personal attention. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FARM LANDS

FREE LAND—NOW OPEN FOR DEVELOPment. Five acres or more, that will produce $300 worth of bananas per acre the second year after planting. Free to those having bananas planted within five years. Reliable companies will care for and market the bananas for one-third. For particulars address The Chamber of Commerce and Agriculture, Box 165, Tuxtepec, Oaxaca, Mexico.

FARMS

FREE HOMESTEAD LAND, HEALTHFUL Ozarks. Raise corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit, deer, turkey, fishing. Particulars free. Maurice B. Decker, Norfolk, Arkansas.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE $5 DOWN $5 monthly buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN SMOKING TOBACCO. MILD and mellow—10 lbs. $1.75, 20 lbs. $2.00; delivery guaranteed. We furnish free recipe for preparing. Smoking Tobacco Exchange, Sedalia, Kentucky.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

EVERYBODY SUFFERING PILES, FISTULA, ulceration, constipation, bleeding, itching—write free trial Painless Pile Combination. S. Tarney, Auburn, Ind.

PRINTING

PRINTING—WRITE US YOUR WANTS. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our specialty: Million order runs. Bargains in printing. 1,000 bond letter heads, size 8½x11, for only $3.00; also 500 good white No. 6¾ envelopes with your return card printed in the corner for $2.50, or both for $5.00. Cash with order. Address: Standard Printing Co., 216-218-220 East State St., Marshall, Michigan.

PERSONAL

MARRIAGE CLUB—THOUSANDS WANT TO marry. List sent free. Address Southern Agency, Verbena, Alabama.

LADIES—MARRY WEALTHY FREE. Give age, description, means if any. Hall's Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, IF YOU have lost your power, strength; if you lack pep, feel downhearted or discouraged. Don't give up. Get relief in 24 to 48 hours. Our positive money-back guarantee protects you. Get our remedy by return mail. One box, $2; double strength, $3. E. F. Geisler, 364 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 33 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis.

MARRY. THOUSANDS COple, worth from $1,000 ing early marriage; descri troductions free. Sealed. no money. Address Sta Graysiake, Ill.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFE harm or inconvenienc sults guaranteed or money $1.25. Dermitone Re Dearborn St., Chicago.

MARRY — THOUSAN ladies everywhere scriptions, introductions after marriage. Many sults. Hall's Club, Minn

MARRY—FREE PHO tory and descriptions Pay when married. New Kansas City, Mo.

JOIN THE CLUB OF JOLL change letters and make Send stamp. Eva Moore, B ville, Florida.

SORE LEGS WILL HEA Flamma Poultice Plaster, and get free sample. Bayles D 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, M

LONESOME WIDOW WORTH $10, 20 acre farm, desires to corres ject matrimony. Mrs. B, Care People Box 94, Los Angeles, Calif.

HAVE FUN! SEND 25c (NO SILVER) FO formula whereby you can tell day of birt of any person. John James, Box 912, Nash ville, Tenn.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 78, Kansas City, Mo.

CONFIDENTIAL) LADIES OR GENTLEmen wishing to marry, send your address with stamp. Searchlight Club, Box 234, Auburn, N. Y.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

LONELY LITTLE "FLAPPER," TIRED LIVing alone, very wealthy, wants marriage. I dare you write! B-86, Mission Unity Club, San Francisco, Cal. (Stamp please.)

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN CORrespondents. Genuine introductions 25c. Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S. W. England.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORREspondence Club." Particulars free. Confidential. Mrs. Keens, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

WINTER IN FLORIDA. WRITE PRETTY maiden worth $80,000. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY PRETTY GIRL, get busy. Write, inclosing addressed envelope. Lois Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

YOUNG LADY, WORTH $50,000, PRETTY, will marry. (Elsie) Club, B-80, Cimarron, Kansas.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY, WRITE me, marry wealthy. Mr. Hyde, Box 305 (86), San Francisco, Calif.

LIST OF GIRLS WISHING CORRESPONDence, 10c. Ladies listed free. S. K. Girard, Pawtucket, R. I.

LADIES, WRITE ME. BUSINESS MAN; healthy; some wealth. Box 894, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRY—BE HAPPY. WRITE FOR PARticulars. The Pratt Syndicate, Box 1648, Washington, D. C.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

RANCHER, WORTH $50,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. H-Box 10, Cimarron, Kans.

MAKE DESIRABLE FRIENDS; MARRY. Write Jane Stevens, Manilus, New York.

BACHELOR, 36, WORTH $70,000, WANTS A wife. Y-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

FORCED TO SACRIFICE!

Entire Stocks of Winter Merchandise Must Be Sold At Once

It isn't a question NOW of regular selling prices—not even a question of actual cost. Tremendous factory purchases of spring goods, previously contracted for, are on the way to us, and WE MUST MAKE ROOM. We have no alternative but the immediate clearance of ALL winter merchandise in stock now, carload after carload—at prices cut to the core. Never before has Gordon Bates Company announced a clearance sale of such importance. Thousands and thousands of bargain seekers will be QUICK to take advantage of such tempting prices, coupled with quality merchandise such as our institution is famous for. Make up your mind to have some of these bargains before stock is sold out. Why not! You run no risk, for you order on approval, paying the postman upon arrival, with the understanding that you are to return anything unsatisfactory, and every penny, including postage, will be refunded to you at once.

SEND NO MONEY—PAY ON ARRIVAL

Gorgeous Fur Scarf Manchurian Wolf

Here's a bargain to startle keen buyers. The latest, smartest, fur scarf—genuine Manchurian Wolf—in lustrous black or rich dark brown—at only $3.89 plus a few cents postage. Is there a stylish woman or miss anywhere who could hesitate to have us send this big, rich, fur piece to her on approval?

Price ... to ... 89 ...lus ...uage

...e, from ..., long ... all that chic elegance you ...nimal head—full length bushy ... throughout in fine silk. Torin. Worn open or closed tight ... Now—this very minute—send ... scarf. State your choice of ... brown—if not delighted, every ...ded to you at once.

Order by No. 619

...Leather 1-Strap

...tyle—the sea...ktest cut-out ...fine patent ...stitchdown sole, ...cut-outs on vamp. ...braid trimmed. ...rubber heels. Sizes ...to 8. Extra value at ...ur clearance price.

$1.98 Order No. 254

House Slippers for Women

Beautiful felt house slippers. Stylish instep strap holds slippers securely on foot. Pretty pompom on tip. Soft, comfortable felt soles. Choice of Old Rose or Dark Blue Color. Sizes 2½ to 8. A wonder bargain at our slashed price.

98c *Plus Postage*

Order by No. 207

Beautiful Two-Strap $1.87

And 2 Pairs of Hose Free

Think of it! Ladies' stylish, comfortable two-strap slippers for only $1.87 and two pairs of neat looking, good wearing hose FREE. Why, you'd rightfully expect to pay $3.00 for the slippers alone! Nice, soft, fine wearing leather, medium round toe, medium heels. Black only. Sizes 3 to 8. And don't forget—two pairs of hose FREE.

SEND NO MONEY

Send only your name and address and size wanted. On arrival pay postman only $1.87 and postage—and understand, if not delightfully surprised, send them back and we refund every penny by next mail. But be prompt. Yes, hurry your order! Get this surprise bargain QUICK—before this offer is withdrawn. Order by No. 432.

Order by No. 432

A SNAP FOR MEN

Big-4 Combination
All Wool Cap
2 Pair All Wool Sox
Pair Wool Gloves
all for

99c *Plus Postage*

Sure! It's less than cost. Worth $2.00 of any man's money—right now only 99c. So reach out and snap up this astounding bargain by return mail. Better order 2 or 3 sets—no more at this price when our present supply is gone!

SEND NO MONEY NOW

—pay on arrival. Order No. 831—money back if you're not pleased.

All Rubber Arctics

Save yourself $2.00! Pure gum rubber 4-Buckle Arctics, with full snow excluding tongue and **extra heavy** soles and heels. Only $2.39 plus postage on arrival. A double-sized bargain that will pay you to get **quick.** We will **quickly** refund every penny if you are not genuinely satisfied.

Sizes 7 to 12. Order by No. 445

$2.39 *Plus Postage*

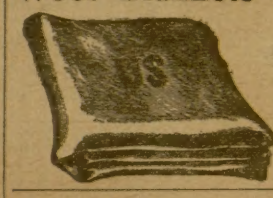
Smart Style for Men

The very latest, with stylish shield tip and neat perforations. Goodyear stitched oak soles, low rubber heels, stylish French last. Brown color. Sizes 6 to 11. A Big Bargain at our Price.

$2.98

Order No. 156

U. S. Army All Wool Blankets



$2.98

O. D. Khaki color, full size 66 x 84. Guaranteed perfect—your money back quick if you are not pleased. At this price, order your winter supply **now. Order by Number 3200.**

Wool Serge PANTS

Guaranteed Brand New All-Wool Heavy Serge; Khaki color. You know what that means for wear! Finely tailored, reinforced waist band. Heavy top lining, belt loops, five pockets, stoutly sewed seams. Sizes 30 to 36 waist, 30 to 34 inseam. At only $2.49. You can't beat this bargain anywhere in America. It will pay you to order two or three pairs! **Order by No. 735** and be sure to give measurements.

$2.49 *Plus Postage*

GUARANTEED TO WEAR 9 MONTHS

BRAND NEW ARMY FIELD SHOES

$2.98 PLUS POSTAGE ON ARRIVAL

BRASS RIVETS AT SEAMS
SOLID LEATHER COUNTER
BELLOWS TONGUE
STITCHED WITH WATERPROOF THREAD
STRONG HEAVY GRAIN LEATHER WATERPROOF UPPER STOCK
SOLID LEATHER HEEL
SOLE LEATHER INSOLE
TWO FULL SOLES AND TOP OF BEST OAK LEATHER

Regular U. S. ARMY ISSUE

Sizes 6 to 14

SEND NO MONEY

Every man who wears work shoes KNOWS that the regular issue U. S. ARMY FIELD shoe is the greatest and longest wearing work shoe ever built. Almost impossible to wear them out, so we do not hesitate to GUARANTEE them to WEAR 9 FULL MONTHS. They have two full soles, and extra top sole (three full soles where the wear comes) and insole of regular sole leather thickness. Metal heel plate, waterproof grain leather uppers, practically indestructible. Solid leather ALL THROUGH—no fibre or composition in entire shoe. And our price of $2.98 plus postage on arrival is so much less than the government paid for them, that you ACTUALLY buy them at less than HALF PRICE. Every penny returned at once if you are not amazed at this bargain.

ORDER BY NO. D-125—state size—and also your choice of soles WITH or WITHOUT HOB NAILS. Only $2.98 plus postage on arrival, IF YOU SEND ORDER QUICK.

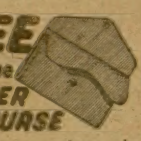
Rich Black Sateen

SPECIAL AT ONLY

$1.49

A most pleasing combination of fine Black Sateen with neatly designed pockets, large sash, and the other trimmings of fancy Cretonne. It is a garment of much attractiveness, well made and very serviceable.

FREE Handsome LEATHER COIN PURSE



A fortunate purchase has brought us a thousand Genuine Leather Ladies' Coin Purses, with two compartments. Now, while the supply lasts, we will include, absolutely free, one of these purses with every order received for the Sateen Dress. No extra charge whatever. It is just an extra inducement on our part to have more women acquainted with Gordon Bates unsurpassed bargains. The dress is in sizes 34 to 46 bust measure. Send quickly and have the Coin Purse included free.

Order by No. 612

WOOL Underwear

A quick and lucky purchase of fine Wool Underwear, **made for the U.S. Army,** and manufactured under army specifications. Cheap if you paid $1.50 per garment, and you know it. Yet right now we're able to turn them over to our customers at 79c per garment. Sizes 34 to 46. Yes—every penny back at once if you're not pleased. Hurry your order if you want some at this price—probably **never again** to sell around this price.

79c Per Garment *Plus Postage*

Order Shirts by No. 570
Order Drawers by No. 571

Silk Embroidered SERGE $2.98

It's simply bewitching! This charming lovely frock—just the thing for these chilly days! Quite the most striking model we have seen this year—and my, how it will wear! Everyone will say you never before had such a smart, becoming dress! Don't send one penny. Just pay postman bargain price of $2.98 and postage on arrival.

New Fall Style

SEND NO MONEY

Fine Navy Blue Gabardine Serge in stunning style. Gorgeously embroidered with real silk in beautiful wide design on front of dress to hem. Lapels of collar and motif on sleeves also silk embroidery. Full length set-in sleeves in the very new bell shape. Smart tucked vestee. Popular tie-around belt of same material.

NOW QUICK! Don't send a single cent. Just your name and address. Order by No. 610. State size. If it isn't the prettiest dress you ever saw for the price, just return it and we'll refund every penny. Send today—Quick! This minute!

Sizes 34 to 46

Every Penny Refunded If You Are Not Pleased

GORDON BATES CO. Dept. 160 MINNEAPOLIS MINN.